HARPER'S WEEKLY. A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. VII.—No. 325.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1863. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $3,00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

THE NORTH UNITED.

WE regard the mass meeting of the people which was held at Cooper Institute in this city, on 6th March, as securing the consolidation of the North on the great question of the war; and we therefore take occasion to lay before our readers the portraits of the two principal speakers, Mr. JOHN VAN BUREN and Mr. JAMES T. BRADY, both well-known men, lawyers of the highest rank, gentlemen of high character, and the most influential leaders of the Democracy in this city.

The meeting itself is conceded on all hands to have been a great success. The *Herald* of 7th said:

> The largest and most enthusiastic war meeting ever held in this city since the memorable open-air gathering at Union Square in 1861 took place at the Cooper Institute last evening. The meeting was called for eight o'clock, but long before seven the large hall of the Institute was besieged on every side by citizens of every rank and condition in life. To say that the building was crowded to repletion is to convey a very inadequate idea of the numberless numbers that were packed within its walls. Such unity of feeling, and warm, outspoken enthusiasm for the vigorous prosecution of the war against the rebellion have rarely been seen at any loyal and patriotic gathering.

The *Times* of the same day said:

> An immense meeting of loyal citizens was held last night at Cooper Institute, embracing some four thousand of our loyal citizens, who are in favor of sustaining the Government in its efforts to suppress the rebellion; who are faithful to the Union and the Constitution; determined to preserve the integrity of the national laws and national territory, and to maintain the power of our flag. The hour appointed for the gathering was eight o'clock P.M., but by seven o'clock the great hall of the Institute was so thoroughly crowded that it became necessary to station policemen at the doors to prevent even further attempts on the part of thousands present to obtain admission.

The *Tribune* said:

> The magnificent uprising of the people, and the nobly-loyal speeches of the most popular men of the Democratic party, last evening, at the great mass meeting in and about the Cooper Institute, will fall with cutting weight upon armed rebels of the South, as well as upon sympathizing Copperheads in the North. New York has seen no meeting of such intensity of feeling since the memorable day in Union Square. Though earnest and telling speeches were made by Dr. Hitchcock and David Dudley Field, yet the most effective blows were struck by James T. Brady, Judge Daly, and John Van Buren—men whose great popularity with the Democratic party entitles their opinions to be taken as those of a very large mass of their fellow Democrats.

We cull a few extracts from the speeches of Messrs. Van Buren and Brady. After referring to his speeches during the late canvass, Mr. Van Buren said:

FOR THE VIGOROUS PROSECUTION OF THE WAR.

The election came and passed, and it is no part of our province or purpose to consider the particular result, except to say that the people of the State of New York, after a very active canvass, were about equally divided, for to speak of a majority of a few thousand in a canvass in a poll of six hundred odd thousand is simply to say that they were about equally divided, and the same was true of the States of Ohio, Indiana, and Pennsylvania; the majority in these great Central States was trifling, and to-day, to-night, while we are here, the people of these great central and controlling portions of these United States may very properly be regarded as about evenly divided between the two parties that were organized at the last canvass, and the future results will depend, in my humble judgment, a great deal more upon future conduct of individuals than upon any thing that has transpired in the past. [Applause.] Now we have passed through the election. There is no election in this State till next Autumn. We are assembled on the 6th of March to determine, not what New Hampshire shall do, not what Connecticut shall do, but what the people of the City of New York and of this State shall do. And there being no election pending, I hold it to be entirely preposterous to assume that people who differed during the last canvass in this State may not unite a few minutes together and tell what we think will be the end of this war—unite cordially in such measures as may be necessary to put down rebellion that has no shadow of justification. [Applause.] Under such circumstances I have been called upon by a Committee of highly respectable gentlemen to redeem the pledges made in the campaign, in the very place where I now stand. And if I was in truth, as I then declared I was, in favor of a vigorous prosecution of the war, and if I did truly believe that the interest of the country far transcended in importance any political and party organization that was in existence, now to come forward and say so in common with those who belonged to a different political party. [Applause.] Such being the fact, I have no hesitation in saying that I cordially agree to the resolutions that have been adopted. [Applause.] I am for the vigorous prosecution of the war. [Applause.] I am for the prosecution of the war until this rebellion is wholly overthrown. [Applause.] I am for destroying the usurped Government that has been set up over the Southern States, and this thing that calls itself a Confederate Government; and until that is done I hold that all propositions for peace are entirely preposterous and absurd. [Applause.] Now being for the war, I am necessarily with every body that is for the war; and being opposed to peace, I am necessarily opposed to every body that is for peace.

WHAT HE THINKS OF THE COPPERHEADS.

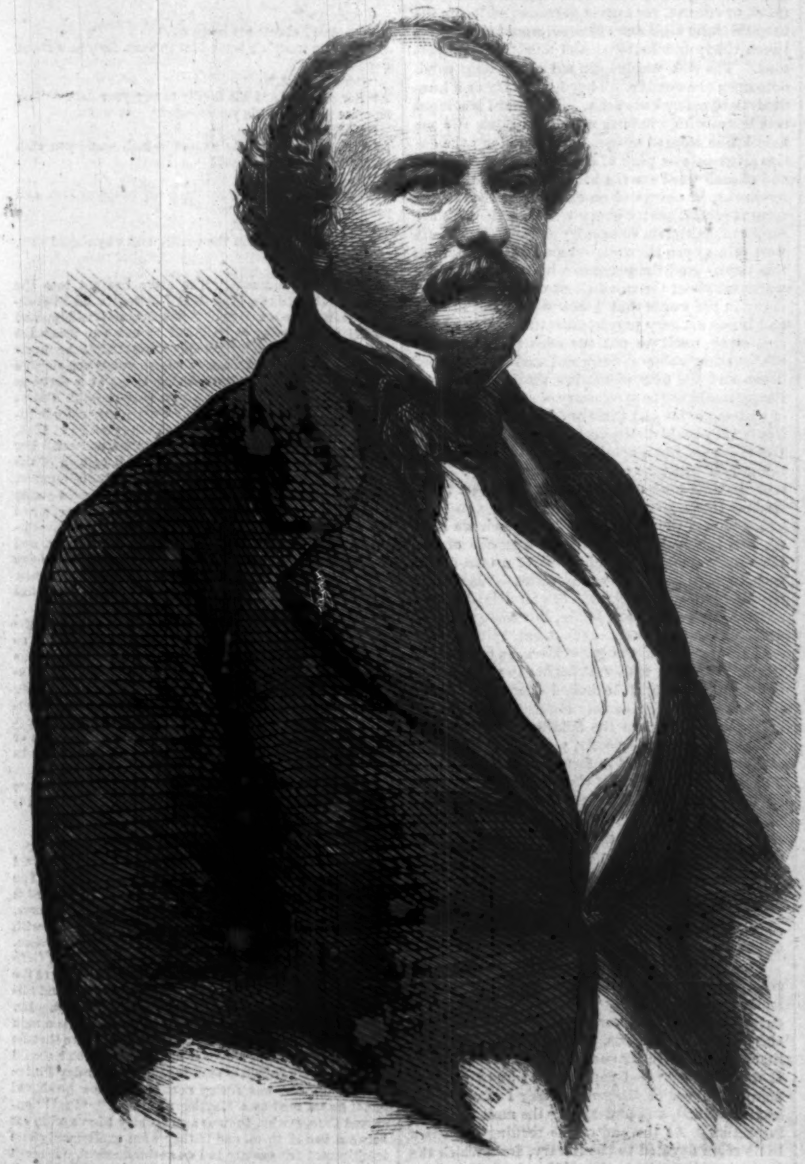
I have been cautioned by a great many people about attending this meeting to-night. I was told that it was an insidious attempt to disintegrate the Democratic Party, and a newspaper which joined us last Fall [Laughter], and many representatives in Congress who never joined us at all, have great fear that I will do something to disintegrate the Democratic Party. Now, if the whole party should differ with those to whom I have adverted, we should be no more disintegrated than we were before. My representative I have a very high opinion of. He seems to be very willing to represent the whole of our State and a very considerable part of New Jersey [Laughter], and looking at his paper this evening I perceive that he has taken charge of the Governments of Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, and several other States. It is not often that a man is favored with being provided with such extensive plans of usefulness. I read a speech that he made before the Democratic Union Association on the 3d of March, as it was reported in the *World* on the 4th. Without undertaking to say what was proper for him to say or for him to omit, I will say that I thank God that he was not my representative until noon the next day.

WHERE THE DEMOCRACY STAND.

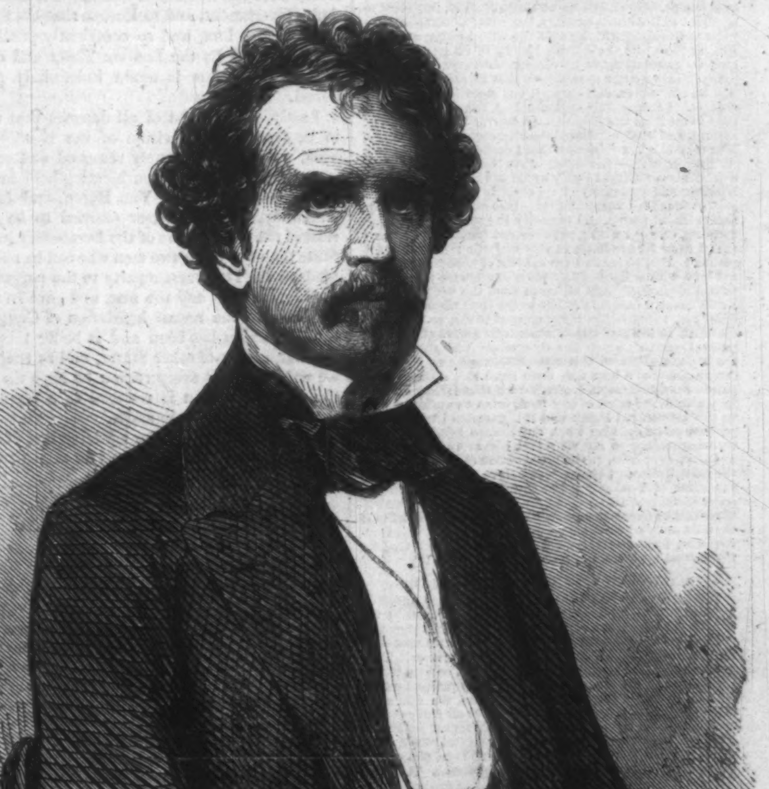
The Democratic party, as you all know, nine years out of ten, controls the Government of the country. It requires, therefore, no more patriotism on their part to be attached to the Government and the country. It is, in fact, an attachment to themselves. [Laughter.] As a general rule, they are wise, prudent, and patriotic. Occasionally blind guides or bad drivers take some sleepy passengers into bad roads and upset them, as they did in 1848. [Laughter]. But then they wake up; the passengers get out [Laughter]; they inquire the right road; they get a lantern and eventually they come all right. [Laughter.] I think they will do so now, and yet it seemed to me, as a careful man, looking at their course, just at this moment, that it was prudent for me to get out and walk. [Great laughter—"three cheers."] Whether I shall step through to get in again or not, or foot it through, depends upon circumstances. [Renewed laughter.] But, fellow-citizens, whatever I am doing, and whatever any body else does, *I* shall sustain this war to the bitter end. [Cheers.]

THE RECENT LEGISLATION OF CONGRESS.

Now let us see whether there is any thing worth considering in what is suggested by those who dissent from us, and are unwilling to prosecute this war. The measures that have been recently adopted by Congress are so lately adopted, that it becomes any man who is careful what he says to be guarded in speaking of them. The President issued two Proclamations—both of them, as I have frequently stated, I disapproved. He issued both before I spoke on the 13th of October, and before Governor Seymour spoke. Neither of us saw any thing in them which prevented us from favoring a vigorous prosecution of the war. If there was nothing then, it is certain that there is nothing now. [Applause.] The bill, which has excited the sensibility of several gentlemen who have spoken in New Jersey, and at a certain hall in this city [Hisses], was a bill which gives extraordinary powers over the purse and the sword to the President of the United States. They are bills which seek to protect by indemnity the President and those connected with him from arrest. They are opposed to another bill, as I understand, which has become the law, which authorizes the President, in his discretion, to suspend the writ of *habeas corpus*. [Applause.] I will state now, as briefly as I can, what are my views in regard to this. In the first place, as to the bill which gives the President the enormous power over the sword and the



HON. JOHN VAN BUREN.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]



JAMES T. BRADY, ESQ.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

purse, I agree that it makes him almost a dictator. I agree that it is a very great stretch of power.

Mr. Van Buren then went on to show that when the Boundary dispute arose, in 1839, Congress conferred upon the President precisely similar powers to those which have lately been placed in Mr. Lincoln's hands. He spoke of the passage of the bill (in 1839) as follows:

Now how do you suppose that bill passed? It put the whole purse and sword into the absolute power of the President of the United States. Clay, Webster, and Calhoun—men perhaps inferior to the solons of our day [Laughter]—were members of the Senate. The bill passed the Senate, and these three statesmen—although all violently opposed personally and politically to the then President of the United States—voted for the bill, and it passed the Senate unanimously. [Applause.] It passed the House of Representatives, after a full discussion, by a vote of 201 to 6, and the leader of that six was Henry A. Wise [Hisses], the bold Brigadier who distinguished himself so greatly at Naggs Head [Laughter] while his brigade was fighting and his son dying. [Applause.]

HE SEES NOTHING WRONG IN IT.

Now, gentlemen, there is nothing in my humble judgment, therefore, in the law passed putting this enormous power in the possession of the President of the United States to determine for asserting in a vigorous prosecution of the war. [Cheers.] I can very well understand how, if I sympathize with the rebellion—if I deemed that this war should fail—I could spend hours and columns in picking flaws in this act. But if I believed that substantial justice required that the great ends of prosecuting the war demand that the whole power of the Government shall be lodged by the Congress of the United States in the President of the United States, I would bow in silence to the act whether I approved of it or not. [Prolonged cheers.] If the President of the United States had usurped these powers there might be a degree of propriety in denouncing it; but when the representatives of the people, legally elected, after due deliberation, assume the responsibility of lodging these trusts in him, in my humble judgment, and certainly in view of the precedent to which I have referred, no wise man will ever complain of the act. [Applause.]

CHARGE ALONG THE WHOLE LINE.

He concludes as follows:

Gentlemen, we must depend upon ourselves, if we can fight this battle to victory, we shall—if we can not, we shall be defeated. But beyond all earthly considerations we must unite—that is our highest consideration—and being united I have no doubt about the result. I do not look forward to a long war—a great many people do. It is not the habit of modern times to have long wars. The great improvement in the engines of destruction enable nations to bring war rapidly to a close. The Russian campaign was not long; the Italian campaign was a short one, and in my judgment the war will be a short one if we are united and put forward the whole power of the loyal States of this Union. With our immense population and resources we ought to end this war in ninety days. Start your troops in New Orleans, at Vicksburg, at Charleston, and in Tennessee. Charge along the whole line—advance with energy and will—Union—and my word for it, in ninety days every body will wonder that this rebellion was ever regarded as formidable in any portion of the United States. [Prolonged cheers.]

Mr. Brady was equally decided. After referring to his position as the descendant of an Irishman, and an American citizen, he went on to say:

FOR THE UNION ALWAYS.

That grave of mine, however unnamed or unnoticed, I want to be distinguished by some lingering of affection in some heart that cleaves to the recollection of him who once was an American, whose country was the United States of America. [Loud cheers.] That is my country, and I can admit of no other. There is no name to be substituted for that; there is no flag except ours that I can ever accept. No stripes to be stolen from it, but stars to be added to it without number, I agree—[Cheers]—stripes to be accumulated till the eyes tire with looking at them. But all the while the gallant history of its past and the glorious associations of its present—however gloomy the prospect may appear to many—is that this shall be for us, now and hereafter, one country, one constitution, and one destiny. [Tremendous applause.] A friend this evening read to me from the *Express*—[A terrific burst of hooting, yelling, and hissing followed the reference to the *Express*.] You may think, my friends, that I made this joke *Express* for this occasion—[Laughter]—that this was a meeting of abolitionists, and that Brady would not be present. [Great laughter and applause.] I am entirely not sure that I am—[Continued laughter]—for there is so much individuality, and spiritual power, and tendency to great results in this meeting, charged with patriotism and devotion to country that I grow like nothing in this majestic presence. [Applause.] But, so far as I am capable of knowing myself, I am here with delight—[Applause]—here with pride [Continued applause]. And although from the very first time I ever made a speech in public to the time when now I address you, many of you being opposed to me, as I well understand, in the political sentiments that have affected the general question which has determined who should hold the highest offices in this republic—coming as I do from the ancestors of a land who have loved this country even better than their own, I care not whether fallacy or folly may attaint the mind of any man, or any number of men in this assembly, I thank God it is permitted to me to be present on an occasion when any human being would attach importance to my voice that I have wedded myself, as I have ever done, to the preservation of the Union and the Constitution. [Applause and three cheers.] I accept the name of Yankee applied to me. I accept it in the spirit of our forefathers of the revolutionary period, and if there can be found no more of disgrace to be attached to it than its undying struggle for the preservation of this Government, whether slavery exists or falls, I thank God for it. [Great applause and cries of "That's good!"]

HE WOULD SPIT ON A COPPERHEAD.

When this war broke out, I knew that it was urged on by the South. I hoped it might terminate soon. I detected that they had prepared an attack. When they proposed to take Sumter and other forts, I thought it necessary for the National dignity to retain these fortresses. They inform us that they will make no compact on any terms. I spit on the Northern man who takes any position except for the Union. [Tremendous enthusiasm, the whole audience rising and cheering.] I surrender all party considerations, all thought of who is to be Governor or Mayor. America is the hope of patriotic and oppressed people every where. I invoke curses on the heart and hand of any man who would destroy this refuge for the oppressed. [Cheers.]

WHY HE CAME TO THE MEETING.

I was beset by a gentleman for whom I have a great respect, who wondered whether I would speak to-night at a meeting where gentlemen always opposed to us in politics would be present, and where, perhaps, a spirit of freedom stronger than ever entered our nature might be exhibited. I differ with many of you with regard to the cause and conduct, prosecution and probable result of the war in which we are engaged. But, with the blessing of Heaven, however others may applaud, however censure me, I would be false to the Irish race from whence I sprung, who found here a home and a refuge from the persecution and oppression of that detested land to which the first speaker referred, if I did not use my first and last breath, and employ the last quiver of my lips and utterance of words in praying Heaven for the preservation of the American Government and country. I shall not mention the name, but I will say that he did not belong to this State.

THE SOUTH TO BE OCCUPIED.

You ask me how this thing is to end? You propose, gentlemen of the South, that there shall be two governments on this soil, armed governments, striving with each other in the presence of the great lessons of history, with which every school-boy is acquainted. I refer you to the *Federalist*, to the articles of Alexander Hamilton, in regard to the possibility of maintaining separate organizations of government upon this continent. And now, gentlemen, in conclusion, I propose to answer that question to my Southern friends—what will come of this war? You say that you will never consent to be united with us. We say that we will never agree to the existence of two military governments arising out of the same people on the same territory. The issue is distinct. How is this thing to be resolved? I will tell you my prophecy, and yet there are many here who will differ in opinion with me. I remember, on an occasion when we celebrated St. Patrick's Day, where we often made punch for others and Judys of ourselves, General Shields—whose name is honorable—made this remark, "That wherever the Yankee located a blacksmith's shop, a tavern, or school-house, he never was known to recede from it." Mr. Brady spoke in humorous terms of the Yankee out West who cooked slapjacks by the regular tick of the Yankee clock. Now I tell my Southern friends, continued Mr. Brady, from the place which I occupy in regard to their property and their institution which they call slavery—which, unlike many in this assemblage, I would propose to retain for them under the Constitution of the United States—that their only chance is to let that Constitution be their guide; for if these Yankees once get down into that Southern territory (who have a theory about this war), and put arms into the hands of the negroes, and put their long feet on the tables of the estates of which they took possession, I don't want to be the lawyer employed in an action of ejectment. [Great laughter and applause.] I sincerely believe that unless the gentlemen of the South will manifest some lingering remnant of attachment to this Union, and agree that the Constitution of the United States shall still preserve us as one people in the territory that we occupy, the end of this war will be occupation.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1863.

COURAGE!

THOUGH no victories have been achieved since we last wrote, very few weeks have been more pregnant with encouragement than the one which ended on March 7.

In the first place, Congress has adjourned after conferring upon the Government such powers in regard to men and money that there can be no fear of our failure through the weakness of the Government, the want of means, or the want of men. Mr. Lincoln is provided with money enough to carry on the war at least for a year on its present scale. And the Conscription Act will enable him to keep our armies up to their present figure of a million of men, to say nothing of negroes. For this blessing our thanks are heartily due.

Again, the abominable speculation in gold, which threatened a collapse of the national finances at the most critical period of the war, has itself collapsed, and the wretched gamblers who were fattening on the public ruin have lost at least a part of their ill-gotten gains. The fall in gold not only elevates the national currency nearer to the par standard, and so renders Mr. Chase's future policy simple and easy, but it will serve as a warning to the South that the North have not lost confidence in their cause or their Government, and to Europe that the financial crash so long and so confidently predicted and hoped for by the London *Times* and other aristocratic organs is again indefinitely postponed.

Lastly, the greatest of all dangers that were to be feared—the division of the North—has been, we think, absolutely removed and set at rest. At the great Union Meeting held in this city on 6th inst., John Van Buren, and James T. Brady, who are better entitled to be considered the true leaders of the Democracy in this State than any other two men who can be named, pledged the Democratic party to the support of the Government and the war, and gave in their adhesion to the recent legislation of Congress. Similar action has been and is being taken by the Democracy of other States, and at the time we write there is every reason to hope that the Copperhead faction is reduced to a corporal's guard of factious malignants.

Here is good ground for rejoicing and encouragement. Now let our troops do their part!

THE LOUNGER.

A WALK THROUGH A HOSPITAL.

To describe a building by the acre would be thought rather extravagant even for a Yankee; but it would be literally proper for the Lounger to do so in speaking of the United States Army General Hospital at West Philadelphia. It is a range of connected buildings covering thirteen acres, lying, by the road, about two miles beyond the Schuylkill. The hospital is under the charge of Dr. Hayes, the arctic explorer, and Dr. Billings, late director of the Cliffburne Hospital at Georgetown, and is one of thirty-five in different parts of the country.

The way to it is up the broad avenue called West Philadelphia, in the horse-cars that you take in Market Street. You can see the Fairmount Water-Works as you cross the bridge, and you may look hard for the long white roof of the Girard College, the two *pièces de resistance* of Philadelphia—not that whiteness is peculiar to that building. It is only peculiar to the city, and symbolical of the brotherly love which prevails there, from which it takes its name. Leaving the car at about Fortieth Street, you ascend the hill at the side toward a grove that in summer must be most pleasant, and in which, as you approach, you see the wooden buildings of the hospital, which are really beyond the grove. The wooded hill and the gently undulating country are characteristic of Pennsylvania scenery, and the soldiers that pass as you advance indicate a camp or a hospital.

If I describe the route thither, it is not to make the way easy for the careless or the impertinent. No man or woman should visit a hospital of any kind who does not bring a thoughtful mind, a ready eye, a sympathetic heart, and a quiet foot. A hospital is not a club, nor a spectacle, nor a menagerie. There are people, both men and women, who succeed in entering this hospital and others, who stare, and chatter, and interfere, and insult, until nothing but the courtesy and Christian forbearance of the director prevents his ordering a file of the guard to march them off at the double-quick to the river. A favorite criticism of women who visit military hospitals is the inhumanity of the discipline, and an amusing story is current in the corridors of the West Philadelphia Hospital of an apparently well-dressed and decent woman who stopped before a soldier undergoing the penalty of drunkenness. He was tied by the arms, and a placard upon his breast announced him "a drunkard." The tender soul of the woman was touched, and she expressed her opinion of the discipline in the most violent terms. It was not consistent with good order, of course, that such censure of official acts should be recklessly made, and the guard politely told her that he had orders not to suffer such talk. Upon which the apparent lady wheeled upon him suddenly, and roared out, "You go to h—!" which is not a part of the hospital. The soldier only proved that he was a gentleman, and the well-dressed woman that she was no lady.

The regular female nurses in this hospital are Sisters of Charity, who are trained to the service of the sick. They move noiselessly about in their plain garb and stiff, white-winged caps. No breath of slander stains them. The surgeon said that he had never heard an injurious whisper about them. There is a little room at the entrance of each ward for the sister in charge. As they glide by the vision of Evangeline follows them:

"Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying
Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles."

The dress of every sister stands for a quiet moral heroism of the finest quality, whether it actually exist under it or not. To devote one's self for life to the care of the sick and the dying, without fame or great reward, and with only the consciousness of simple duty done, is a kind of heroism which all who work in the way that seems most agreeable, and for the highest attainable rewards of fame, position, or money, can not well understand.

It is not possible to describe such a vast hospital as this very intelligibly. Yet you may have some idea of it, if you fancy a letter H with very long sides and narrow cross-piece. The cross-piece is the building where the offices and rooms of the direction and surgical staff are situated. The two sides are the corridors, each nine hundred feet in length, well lighted, well warmed, perfectly cheerful and clean and pleasant, with the long mess-table running down the whole length. The commons, or rations, are upon a generous scale, for the hospital, fully filled and officered, would contain between thirty-five hundred and four thousand persons. The sick wards open out of the long corridors upon the outside. They have sixty or a hundred-and-twenty beds each. Each ward is a separate house with windows upon both sides, and the ventilation secured by opening slides along the entire ridge-pole or peak of the roof. At the further end of each ward are the bath-room and other water-works, in charge of an engineer section which secures perfect purity every where. The beds are comfortable, and the rooms airy and odorless. There were prints upon the walls—some I recognized from this paper—and the patients who remained in the wards sat about the stove silent or chatting. Not many in the wards that I saw were lying in bed; and it was not easy to remember that it was a huge sick camp, until we put our eyes and noses into the 'potecary's shop and saw and smelled the jars of drugs and the odor of mixing medicines. How happy would be the apothecary of any other village of thirteen acres and three or four thousand inhabitants, if he could do the business done in that shop. But it is only in an apothecary's paradise that all the inhabitants take pills and potions daily. Is it true that the profession have done their best to introduce that heaven on earth?

There was the guard-room into which we looked, like the spacious, light, airy quarters of marines upon some *monstrum ingens* of a man-of-war such as Gustave Doré would draw. There were the kitchens—the special kitchen for delicate soups and tender, transparent jellies, in which, with exquisite taste, the very evanescent spirit of life seems to lurk; and the great kitchens for cooking the daily rations, with vast boilers in which Behemoth himself might be boiled down into strong soup; and the clean, comely cisterns of milk in the milk-room; and then the laundry, and the store-room of dry stores—brooms, pails, clothing, drugs—the village "store," in fact, without the groceries; and the magazine of choice gifts from the benevolent. Every thing was in order—every thing neat, bright, and accessible. The machine was in full play, and worked so perfectly that you heard no creak, felt no jar, and smelled no oil. There was immense activity, but little apparent effort, and no visible friction. Was it because the main shaft, the practical directing mind in the little corner den of the executive office, was of such solid force and impulsion?

The reading-room of the hospital has been recently opened. It was full of quiet readers and lookers and players, for the room of games opens out of it, and there were grave adepts in chess, checkers, and dominoes. The observation of the literature most in request touched a tender cord. It was the illustrated paper; and I know not how many numbers of *Harper's Weekly* I saw in most active demand, and undergoing the most thorough inspection. At the end of the reading-room is a little room devoted to the library, from which the books are given out to the soldiers by ladies of the vicinity and of Philadelphia, who gladly give the necessary time and care. But the hospital is not content to take only: it gives; and there is already a number three and four of the *West Philadelphia Hospital Register*, which is written by the patients mainly, set up and printed by them. It is an extremely pretty paper in form and aspect. Its vignette is properly the Good Samaritan, and its contents are various, cheerful, and excellent. I mean to introduce it more fully to the great fraternity of Loungers next week, perhaps; certainly very soon. Let this plaintive sigh from a sick soldier show that it lacks neither truth nor solemnity; and waft us for the present gently out of the hospital:

"mi bak is stif and sore
mi legs are thin and weke
and when i tri to wak about
i here mi ne pans kreke.

"and i want to be discharged
and get mi pa whats du
and ill give a green-back kwik
if i cud get put thru."

FROM A DIARY.

A QUIET man of the world, who frequents clubs and our best society, who is a diner out and lover of the Opera, a patriot who does not show it by sneering at the Government, and a gentleman who does not prove it by toadying people who sell babies, keeps a diary. He makes notes of what he sees and hears in these important days; and he permits the Lounger to extract from them what may with propriety be printed. The Lounger hopes, therefore, to enliven his columns occasionally with passages of general interest; and he begins to-day:

Dined at ——'s. Plutus, a Fifth Avenue Democrat, sat opposite Cato, a Democrat of another school. Plutus chaffed Cato as no better than an Abolitionist. Cato smiled pleasantly, and quietly smoked. At last Plutus insisted that, to be consistent, Cato ought to marry his daughter to a Congo bridegroom.

"That doesn't seem to me to be the alternative," said Cato, smiling.

"Oh yes! oh yes! Let's have a little practice as well as preaching," retorted Plutus, winking at the rest of us.

"Stop a moment. You are a Democrat, I believe, Plutus?"

"Of course."

"A Jeffersonian Democrat, or a Jeffersonian-Davis Democrat?"

There was a little more smiling, and Plutus drank his wine.

"No matter," resumed Cato. "You have a coachman?"

"Yes."

"He is an Englishman?"

"Yes."

"He is an honest, industrious fellow?"

"Yes."

"And a voter?"

"Yes."

"And your political equal?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you marry your daughter to him?"

"They wouldn't be congenial."

"Do you have him to dinner?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because I choose my company."

"Yet you wouldn't want him to work for you without wages?"

"Certainly not."

"Nor sell him and his family to pay your debts? Nor separate them to settle your estate?"

"God forbid!"

"Nor, as he is intelligent and honest, would you wish to deprive him of his vote?"

"Not at all."

"Yet you don't wish your daughter to marry him, and you don't have him to dinner?"

"No; why should I?"

"There's no reason in the world; and why should I?"

At ——'s masquerade. The story has got into the papers. There was a Marquis of Hartington, an Englishman, among the company. A woman tempted him, and he did wear a rebel badge. Did he mean to insult the host and the guests? Probably not. Didn't he know what he was doing? Of course he did, unless you suppose that he would have worn a Union badge at a party in Richmond. Then had he perhaps read Russell's Diary, and therefore supposed that the company were quite indifferent, if not positively favorable to the rebellion? If so, he was rapidly undeceived in one instance, at least. For a young officer of the army expressed his opinion of the Englishman's conduct in a very unmistakable manner. Doubtless, also, the host took occasion to rebuke the young man. For the host must know that if an American had dined at the house of an English gentleman while England was at war with a foreign or domestic enemy, and had worn at table the enemy's colors, he would not have left without a stern reproof from the master of the house. An English gentleman has at least self-respect, if he has no respect for other people.

As for the woman who insisted upon pinning on the badge, I suppose the host informed her that she had so grossly insulted his guests that she was no longer welcome in his house. He could not have failed to make her understand that his friends, whose husbands, sons, brothers, and lovers were exposed to death in defending their country against an enemy which carves skulls into drinking-cups and bones into trinkets, did not perceive the joke or the innocency of wearing the colors of the murderers in their presence unrebuked.

Such disagreeable events come of assuming that because people are titled they are well-bred. One can not be too careful in choosing his company.

Supped at ——'s with the new Haytien Minister, Colonel Ernest Roumaine, and his Secretary, Dr. Bruno. The Colonel is an extremely handsome man in the Spanish style, and of the most pleasing and polished manners. He is intelligent and accomplished, speaking English with a singular purity and accuracy. His qualities of heroism, firmness, and force were fully shown at the time of Geffrard's accession. I am glad that Washington will have the opportunity of contrasting him with the Wigfall, and Slidell, and Toombs, and Mason school of gentlemen. Dr. Bruno, his secretary, was educated in Paris, and is a man of great sprightliness and information. I am sure that he finds the wonder that a man of his blood and color should be a gentleman infinitely amusing. The other day Plutus asked Cato, who was sitting next to him, how he should feel if he sat next to a Haytien at dinner. "Feel!" answered Cato, "why, in their own country I have often sat between two of them, and if they were gentlemanly and intelligent, I felt exactly as I do at this moment. It is not the color of a man, it is his conduct, that makes him a gentleman. I don't care to sit next to an old-clo' man; but if a Jew is well-bred and intelligent, Plutus, he is as good to sit next to as any man!"

A few of us dined Colonel Roumaine and Dr. Bruno at the Club. The dinner was delightful. Roumaine told us of the condition and prospects of Hayti, and of his friend Geffrard. Afterward we played billiards, at which the Colonel is a master. I understand some of the youth who dined Bull Run Russell at the Club were amazed to hear of our party. Probably. *Chacun à son goût.*

This morning John Bull came into the Club. "Well!" said he, "I understand that niggers have been dining here."

"Have they?" answered Alcibiades, quietly, making rings of his cigar smoke, apparently more interested in them than in Bull's remark.

"Yes, by Jove!" continued John, "and I should like to know how the *gentlemen* behaved?"

"Oh, quite decently," said Alcibiades, blowing fresh rings. "They didn't steal the spoons, nor sneer at people of a different color—no, and they didn't wear secesh badges on their coats, Bull. If they had, I, for one, would have kicked them out."

John moved on into the next room, and Alcibiades continued blowing rings.

NICKNAMES.

IT is an awful thought that the citizens of the United States who are resolved to preserve their Government and country, even if slaves must be freed in the process, are to be called Abolitionists by General Beauregard at the South, and Niggerheads by the reactionists at the North. But it is one of those overwhelming blows to which we must all submit with the best grace we can. "Woollyhead" and "Black Republican" were very fearful epithets; "Fanatic," "Radical," "One-idea Men," were also terrible terms. But "Abolitionist" and "Niggerhead" are an ingenious refinement of cruelty.

Still, let us not despair. A people which, although denounced as Woollyheads, elected, by great majorities in every Free State, a President, whose election was a sign that human decency and political consistency were to have a chance in the Government, will perhaps be able to bear up under the sneers of a party which is trying to build a Republic upon the denial of human rights. Those who do not fear rebel batteries in front will not be troubled much by reactionary blackguarding in the rear. Hard names are by no means the hardest burdens to carry. Christian, Puritan, Methodist, were all contemptuous epithets; but they are not exactly contemptible facts. So there is no gentleman in Europe who does not pride himself upon being an Abolitionist. He would as soon defend cannibalism as slavery. Every wise party catches the nicknames hurled at it like the stones at St. Stephen, and proudly binds them on its forehead, where they blaze like diamonds.

It is truly dreadful to be called an Abolitionist, of course; and to be denounced as Niggerhead might well drive the coolest man to suicide. But there is one epithet which is not merely a spirt of rage and spleen like these. It is a name which burns and brands with infamy. There is many a man who, years hence, will proudly say to his children, "I was an Abolitionist in '63." But what man, who does not wish Benedict Arnold were his ancestor, will say with pride to his children, "I was a Copperhead in '63?"

A VERY THIN MASK.

WHEN a wanton and wicked rebellion is aiming to destroy the Government, to ruin the country, to establish a political community upon the bloody denial of the rights of man, to annihilate every guarantee of civil liberty, to substitute endless and ferocious war for permanent peace, and to replace national unity, power, and prosperity by the sheerest anarchy, and a citizen of that threatened country has no word of condemnation for the effort, and expresses no fear of its consequences to the liberty of the citizen and the existence of the Government, but by all that he says, and all that he dares to do, comforts and aids that fierce assault of disorder and barbarism upon order and civilization, the indignation of every sober man and loyal citizen is kindled against him as one with all the guilt and more than the cowardice of an open rebel.

But when this man, who has not a solitary word of sympathy nor a feeling of generous forbearance toward the Government which is battling to sustain itself and save his country, declaims bitterly against any extreme but regulated measure of supreme authority necessary for that purpose as destroying all the liberties of the citizen, the feeling of indignation changes into one of utter and inexpressible contempt.

What other emotion could any faithful American citizen possibly have upon reading the Congressional speeches and the Copperhead editorials against the Conscription and *Habeas Corpus* acts?

"PRETTY GOOD HIT."

MR. LOUNGER,—I read with interest the note of your correspondent Tri-Mountain last week, and I hope he will equally enjoy my anecdote.

A certain man who has long done the work of those who are now in rebellion, and has had his various rewards—a man who frankly says that if the rebellion succeeds he hopes his State will go with the rebels—meets a gentleman upon the street and says to him, jauntily:

"Well, I believe *I* will try Patriotism."

Quick as lightning the gentleman coolly replies:

"In Dr. Johnson's sense?"

You will remember, as the person in question did, the definition given by Dr. Johnson, who was a high Tory, to the word Patriotism, which was then used as a party name: "*Patriotism; the last refuge of a scoundrel.*"

Stung by the prompt retort, the man turned green; thought better of it; grinned a ghastly grin, and said, "Pretty good hit."

Yours, with respect,
FAIRMOUNT.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A CORRESPONDENT in the Seventy-sixth Ohio writes: Away down here in Dixie we sometimes learn some funny things about the doings of our Southern brethren when they held the country now occupied by us. For instance: When General M'Cown (rebel) was commanding at New Madrid, he was greatly alarmed one night at the reported approach of General Pope with a large force to attack the place. At once every thing was in commotion, and the General commenced making arrangements for defense. He soon found, to his horror, that he had no percussion-caps for his field-pieces. He forthwith dispatched a steamer in hot haste bearing a letter to a Colonel, an ordnance officer at Island No. 10, directing him to bring down a supply immediately. The boat reached the island in about an hour; the Colonel was found in a state of "wild but sweet ebriety." The letter was delivered to him, and he soon came aboard with a box under his arm, and the steamer returned to New Madrid. In about fifteen minutes after she landed the Colonel returned on board, and ordered the Captain of the boat to return at once with his boat to Island No. 10. The Captain said he did not think he would go, as he had other orders from Commodore Hollins. "But," says the Colonel, "you must and shall go, for by —— they sent up to me for a box of percussion-caps, and *I have brought down a box of cigars!*"

Again: A transport took on board at Eunice, Arkansas, a regiment of Secesh troops bound for Fort Pillow. The night before reaching their destination the bar-keeper found that a ten-gallon keg of whisky had been stolen from the bar by some one of the soldiers, and made complaint to the Colonel. The Colonel said he would try to discover the thief; and so, when the men were landed next day, ordered that every box, barrel, or package capable of containing the missing keg should be searched on its passage ashore. The search was made, but the keg could not be found.

About two weeks afterward the Colonel had occasion to take passage on the same boat. He was asked whether he had found out any thing about the keg of whisky. He replied: "Yes, I know all about it. I found the keg empty in camp the day after we landed. Suspecting a roguish whisky-loving scamp of having something to do with its theft, I called him up and said to him if he would tell me how he got the keg ashore I would let him off. 'Now,' says he, 'Colonel, if you'll be as good as your word, I'll tell you. I just put the keg in the bass-drum, headed the drum up, and carried the whisky ashore in that.'"

"Katy, have you laid the table-cloth and plates yet?" "An' sure I have, mem—every thing but the eggs; an' isn't that Biddy's work, surely?"

Old Bones is strongly opposed to exertion of any kind. In fact, he is one of the laziest men alive. Not long since he was taken ill very suddenly, and he sent in hot haste for Doctor Dobbs. The Doctor is a wiry little man, ever on the move, and rather sarcastic in his remarks. On arriving he asked Bones how he felt. "Ah, Doctor," said he, with a most wobegone visage, "it's all up with me. I feel that I can not survive long." "Bosh!" interrupted the Doctor, impatiently; "you'll never die." "Never die, Doctor! why not?" "Because you're too lazy *to give the last kick.*"

What a noise and a fuss there has been made about changing names! Of course, all the bother has been raised by gentlemen. Now we must say in favor of the beautiful sex that we do not know a single young lady (we say advisedly, a single young lady) who would have been half so particular. On the contrary, we do not know any persons who change their names with a greater willingness and a more becoming grace than ladies. In fact, we believe that the sooner they change them the better they are pleased.

If a woman does not speak her secrets with her lips, she is sure to tell them in her letters. Her pen is certain to split."

Sydney Smith says in one of his letters, "I have seven or eight complaints, but in all other respects I am perfectly well."

A lady, walking a few days since on the promenade at Brighton, asked a sailor whom she met why a ship was called "she." The son of Neptune replied that it was "because the rigging costs so much."

When Jemima went to school she was asked why the noun "bachelor" was singular? "Because," she replied, "it is so very singular that they don't get married."

"I am burning to be at the enemy again!" as the man whose physician had advised him to give up smoking remarked when he lit a fresh cigar.

If there are sixteen nails in one yard, how is it that there ought never to be more than five nails to a foot?

TO STUDENTS IN ARITHMETIC.—If four dogs, with sixteen legs, can catch twenty-nine rabbits, with eighty-seven legs, in forty-four minutes, how many legs must the same rabbits have to get away from eight dogs, with thirty-two legs, in seventeen minutes and a half?

An old gentleman, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son and successor: "Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making."

A musician near Eccles, in Lancashire, one George Sharp, had his name painted on his door thus—G Sharp. A wag of a painter, who knew something of music, early one morning made the following significant, undeniable addition—is *A flat.*

"Your Honor was right and I was wrong—as your Honor is very apt to be," said a distinguished counselor to a presiding judge.

"One half of this generation," said an old maid, "are born to be the wives of the other half, and the mothers of all the rest."

A lady complaining that her husband was dead to fashionable amusements, he replied, "But then, my dear, you make me alive to the expense."

When the thermometer falls, how often, on an average, does it break?

The Bath *Times* speaks of men who "worship the rising *sin.*" True enough; prosperous sin always finds worshipers.

There's no use in your ever taking a lazy man to *task.* He won't perform it if you do.

The richest man on earth is but a pauper fed and clothed by the bounty of Heaven.

Mrs. Partington says that Ike has got a horse so spirituous that it always goes off in a decanter.

In a hot summer, when there is most thirst, there are fewest brooks. So of many people's charity, it is rarest when most needed.

Jones thinks that, instead of giving credit to whom credit is due, the cash had better be paid.

Little girls believe in a man in the moon; young ladies in a man in the honey-moon.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

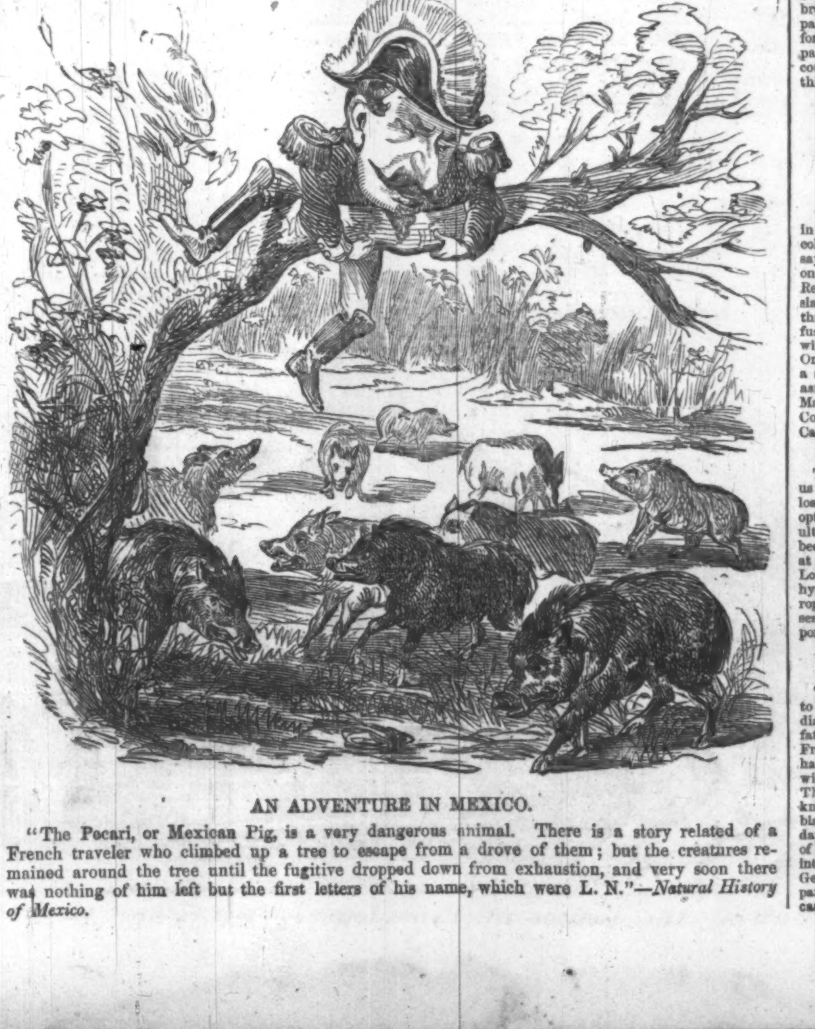
CONGRESS.

ON Wednesday, March 4, the Thirty-seventh Congress terminated at noon. Nearly all the important measures for the support of the Government which were brought before Congress passed both Houses. None of the bills designed to assist the States in effecting the emancipation of slaves were successful in passing. The bills to admit the Territories of Nebraska, Nevada, and Colorado as States failed to get through both Houses for want of time.

Soon after the adjournment of both Houses of Congress the Senate met in extraordinary session, in accordance with the President's call; but beyond the election of Senator Foot, of Vermont, as presiding officer *pro tem.*, and the administration of the oath of office to new members, little business was transacted.

On Thursday, 5th, the Senate sat again in extra session. Mr. Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana, and Mr. William Sprague, of Rhode Island, were sworn in as Senators, and took their seats. The President *pro tem.*, Senator Foot, was authorized to appoint the standing committees. A resolution was adopted, returning to President Lincoln all the military nominations which expired with the late Senate. But little other business was transacted.

On Friday, 6th, in the Senate, the standing committees were announced by the President *pro tem.*, Senator Foot. A resolution was introduced for the printing of ten thousand copies of the mechanical part of the Patent Office report, and four thousand copies of the acts and joint resolutions of the late session of Congress. The proposed additional rule of the Senate was called up. It requires that the oath of loyalty passed by Congress in July last shall be subscribed to by members of the Senate and House of Representatives. A long debate took place on the proposition to enforce the rule; but, without doing so, the Senate went into executive session. During the day several messages were received from the President. On the conclusion of the executive session discussion was resumed on the proposal to administer to the new Senators the "loyal oath," after which Senator Foot took the oath, and all the new Senators present followed his example. Without transacting any other business the Senate adjourned.



AN ADVENTURE IN MEXICO.

"The Pecari, or Mexican Pig, is a very dangerous animal. There is a story related of a French traveler who climbed up a tree to escape from a drove of them; but the creatures remained around the tree until the fugitive dropped down from exhaustion, and very soon there was nothing of him left but the first letters of his name, which were L. N."—*Natural History of Mexico.*

On Saturday, 7th, in the Senate, Senator Doolittle took the oath of loyalty prescribed by the act of July, 1862, as other newly elected Senators did on the previous day. The resolution to print ten thousand copies of the mechanical part of the Patent Office report, and four thousand copies of the acts and joint resolutions of the late session, was adopted. The Senate then went into executive session on the Presidential nominations, and, on the opening of the doors, adjourned.

On Monday, 9th, and Tuesday, 10th, the Senate confirmed some nominations and adjourned.

PROCLAMATION TO DESERTERS.

The President issued on 10th an important proclamation on the matter of soldiers absent from their regiments without leave. He gives a few days' grace to all such, up to the 1st of April, at which time all those who report themselves to the nearest head-quarters, as designated by a previous order of the Secretary of War, will be restored to their respective regiments without punishment; but those who do not will be arrested as deserters and dealt with as the law directs. He warns evil-disposed persons not to give aid to the rebellion by encouraging desertion, thus weakening the strength of the armies, and exposing those troops in the field to additional danger. He calls upon all good citizens to assist in preventing disaffected parties from urging the desertion of soldiers and discouraging enlistments.

ATTACK ON FAIRFAX COURT HOUSE.

The rebels, under Captain Mosely, made an attack on Fairfax Court House on the 8th, about 2 o'clock A.M., capturing General H. Stoughton, who was in command there, together with all the men detached from his brigade, 110 horses, and the patrols of the Provost Marshal. He entered the place during a violent rain storm, and took the head-quarters of the General completely by surprise. An orderly who escaped and returned to Fairfax states that the enemy were retreating, with our cavalry in close pursuit, and that they were running so hastily for their lives that they abandoned thirty of the prisoners they had previously captured.

REBEL RUMORS.

The Richmond journals of the 6th inst. contain the extraordinary rumors that the *Indianola* has been blown up by the rebels, but that her armament fell into the hands of the Federals. Admiral Porter dispatched to Washington on 8th that both the *Indianola* and *Webb* were destroyed in the late engagement.

The rebel papers further state the rebel Van Dorn repulsed a Union force near Franklin on the 1st inst., and captured 2200 officers and men. An attack on Port Hudson by General Banks's forces was looked upon in Richmond as immediate.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE "NASHVILLE"

The story of the total destruction of the rebel steamer *Nashville*, in the Ogeechee River, near Savannah, is confirmed by the Richmond papers, which state that she grounded on the bar before Fort M'Allister on the 27th ult., and was discovered by the Union fleet, one of which opened fire on her for two hours and a half, and finally got a shell on board, which set her on fire, and left her a complete wreck. During the attack the fort kept up a fire on the Union gun-boat, and hit her twice. The gun-boat returned the shots, but, as far as known, did no damage to Fort M'Allister.

A FIGHT NEAR FRANKLIN.

Our news from Nashville reports a further renewal of the fight between our troops and the rebels under Van Dorn, at Springville, near Franklin, Tennessee, on 5th. General Van Dorn is said to have eighteen thousand men under his command, and the Union force, being very inferior in numbers, were defeated. Three regiments of infantry, under Coburn, of the Thirty-third Indiana, were entirely cut to pieces or captured. The cavalry and artillery, numbering five hundred of the former, and one battery, escaped. The men fought splendidly throughout the whole day; but the heavy fire of the enemy's batteries in front, and the movements of vastly superior numbers on their flanks, were too much for them. General Gilbert was expected to come up with reinforcements from Franklin, but he did not arrive.

RECONNOISSANCE ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

The Army of the Potomac has been making a demonstration. An expedition, under Colonel Phelps, which left Belle Plain in steamers on Tuesday for Northumberland County, made a most successful thing of it, and returned to head-quarters on 6th. The troops visited Heathsville, which they found deserted by the rebels. Then, throwing out large foraging parties from that base into Lancaster County and in other directions, they succeeded in capturing one thousand bushels of corn, fifty horses and mules, a large number of fine beef cattle and quite an amount of medical stores. Two post-offices and several stores were visited, and two important rebel mails captured. The cavalry also seized a large number of horses and mules, and are now on their way overland to Fredericksburg. Some prisoners were also taken, among them Colonel Claybrook, a prominent rebel officer, and two clerks of the departments at Richmond, with a quantity of correspondence for citizens of Baltimore, and official papers addressed to parties in London, to the care of Baring Brothers. The country was quite deserted and almost barren of every thing.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

REVULSION IN PUBLIC SENTIMENT.

THERE was a great demonstration at the Amphitheatre in Liverpool on the 19th ult., in support of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation. The Liverpool *Post* says that a more unanimous meeting was never witnessed on any question on which public opinion has been divided. Resolutions applauding the course of Mr. Lincoln on the slavery question, and an address to be presented to him through Mr. Adams were adopted. Some uproar and confusion occurred toward the conclusion of the meeting; but with this exception every thing passed off very happily. On the same evening a meeting was held at Carlisle, and a similar series of resolutions were carried with enthusiasm, and almost unanimously. The conduct of the Lord Mayor of London in fêting Mr. Mason, the Minister of the Confederate Government, was strongly reprobated at the Carlisle gathering.

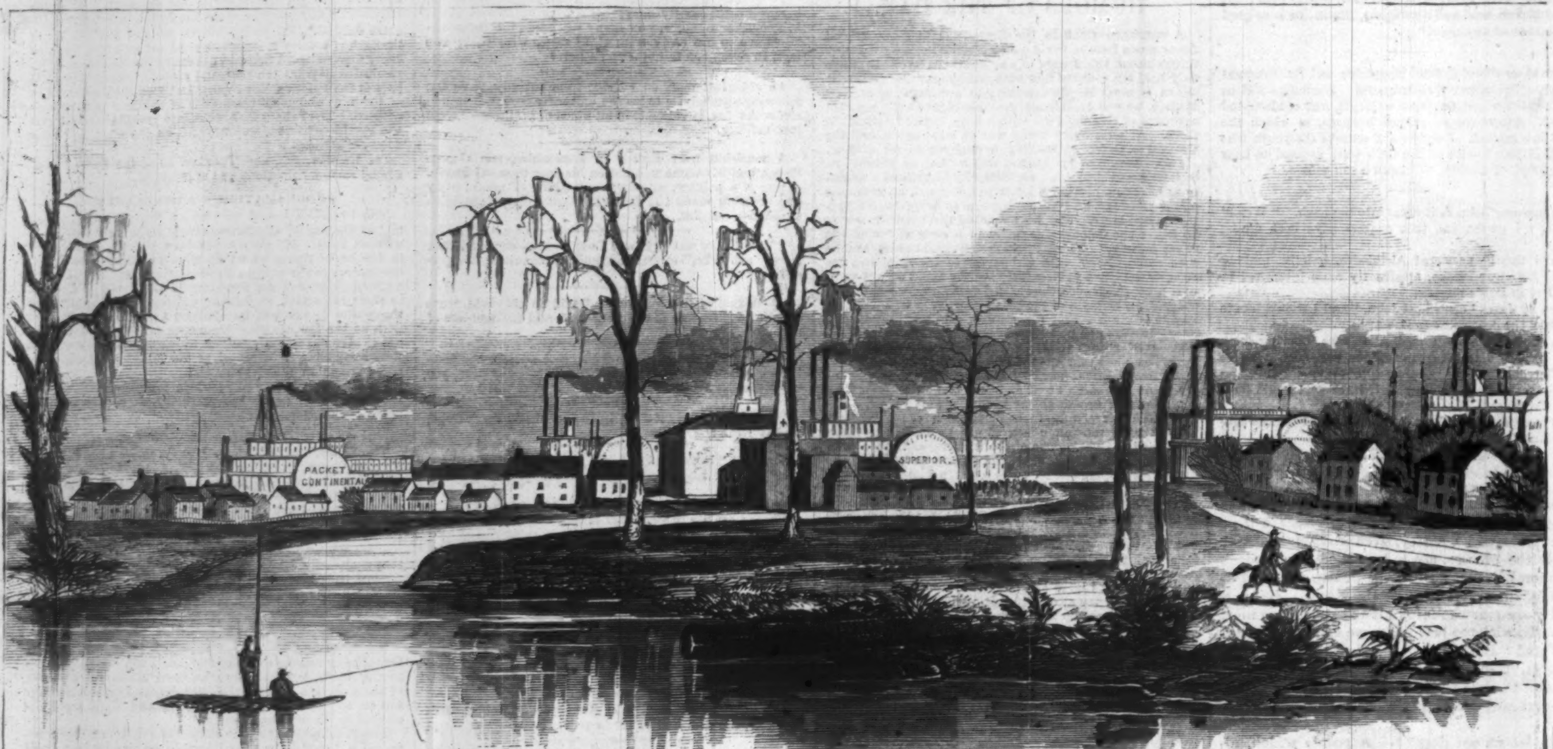
A REBEL LOAN.

The latest reports from the Continent of Europe inform us that the rebel agents had succeeded in effecting a large loan of money based on cotton at a fixed price, or cotton at option, at seven per cent. Paris letters, dated on the 20th ult. say that the contract for the Confederate loan had been received for three millions of pounds sterling in bonds at seven per cent., exchangeable for cotton at option. The London *Times*, in its city article, says: "The cotton thus hypothecated will be first available for shipment to Europe," as the government—rebel it is to be presumed—possesses all the means of transport from the interior to the ports.

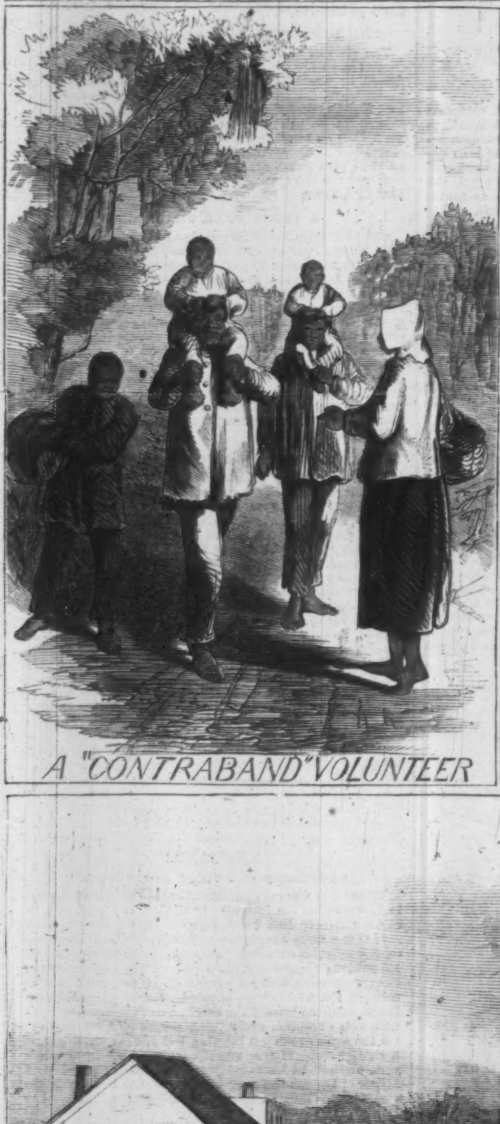
MEXICO.

THE FRENCH EXPEDITION.

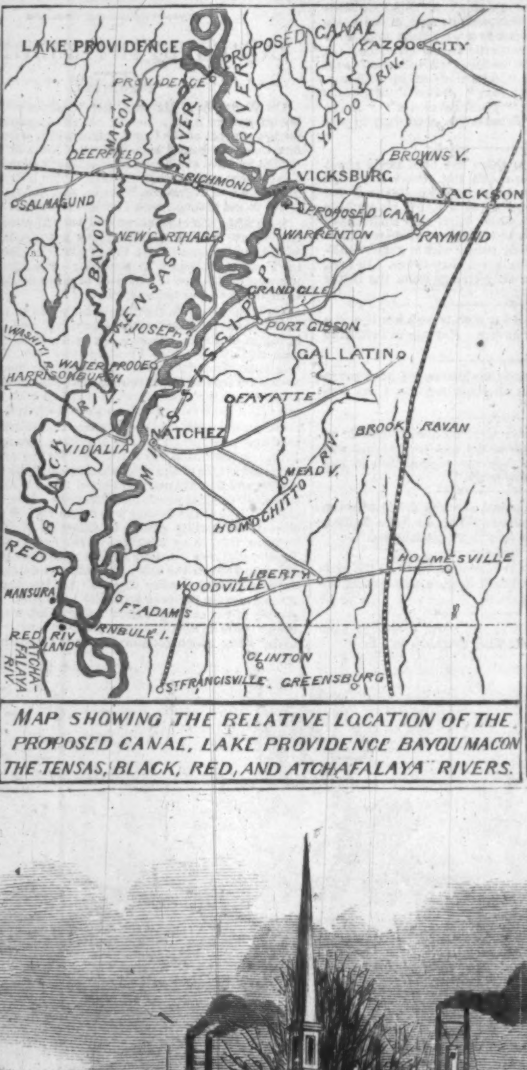
The papers publish the proclamation of General Forey to the Mexican people, signalizing his intended and immediate advance upon the City of the Montezumas. The fate of Mexico is therefore in the balance. Although the French General speaks with words of softness to the inhabitants of this invaded land, we must not doubt that he will fight his way furiously to the long-coveted capital. The accounts of his movements are so uncertain that we know not whether he intends to storm the heights of Puebla or endeavor to turn that formidable position. As the day for the French advance was fixed for the 21st or 22d of last month, it is evident, unless some serious obstacles interposed, that the *coup de grace* has already been struck. General Forey does not seem so confident of success as his partisans may be inclined to believe; but as the die is now cast, Mexico must either be lost or won.


PACKET CONTINENTAL
SUPERIOR

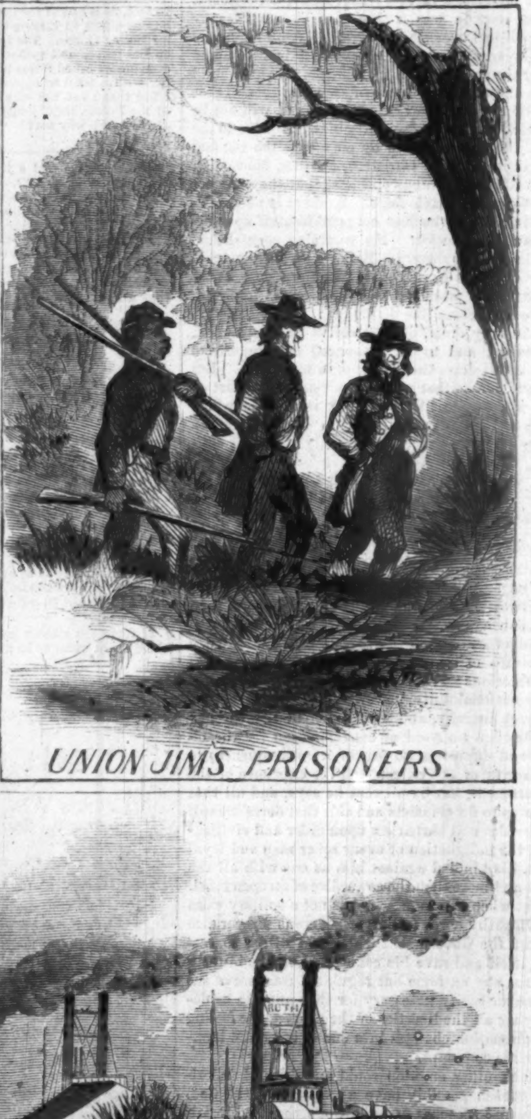
THE "CANAL" AT LAKE PROVIDENCE.



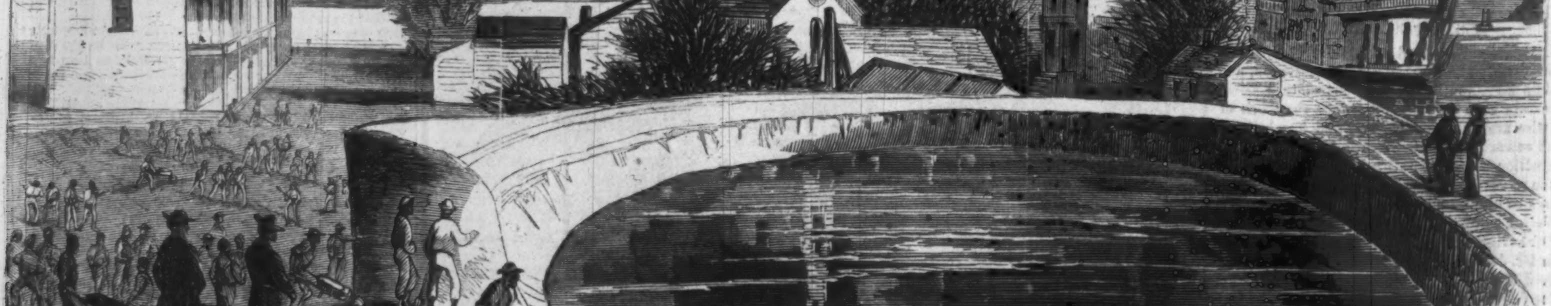
A "CONTRABAND" VOLUNTEER


LAKE PROVIDENCE
PROVIDENCE
PROPOSED CANAL
YAZOO CITY
YAZOO RIV.
RIVER
MACON
BAYOU
DEERFIELD
RICHMOND
VICKSBURG
BROWNS V.
JACKSON
SALMAGUND
PROPOSED CANAL
NEW CARTHAGE
WARRENTON
RAYMOND
TENSAS
GRAND GLLF
ST. JOSEPH
PORT GIBSON
WASHITI R.
WATER PROOF
HARRISONBURGH
GALLATIN
RIV.
FAYATTE
NATCHEZ
VIDALIA
BROOK
RAVAN
MISSISSIPPI
BLACK
MEAD V.
HOMOCHITTO RIV.
RED R.
HOLMESVILLE
LIBERTY
WOODVILLE
MANSURA
FT. ADAMS
RNBULL I.
RED RIV LAND
ATCHAFALAYA RIV.
CLINTON
ST. FRANCISVILLE
GREENSBURG

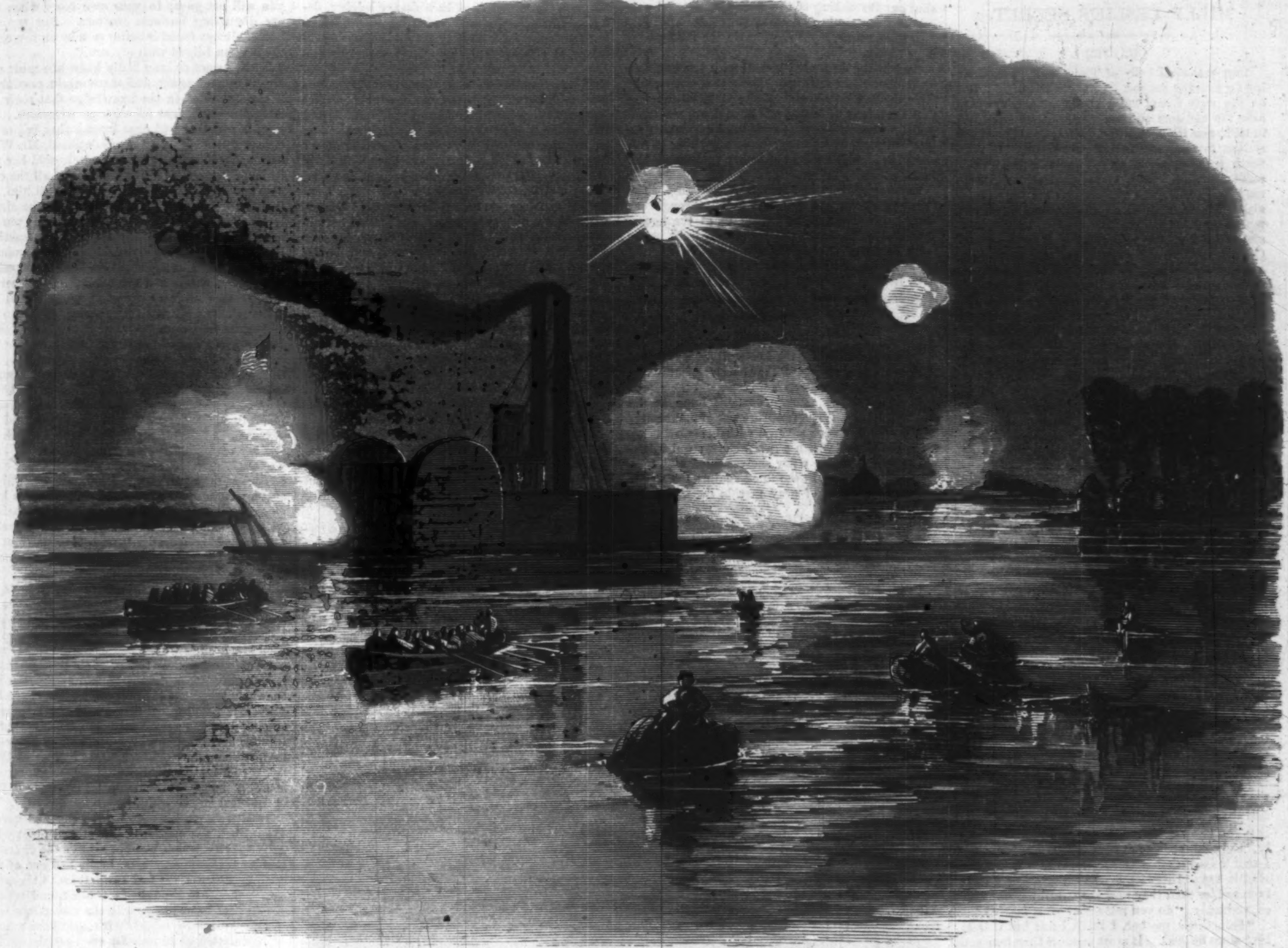
MAP SHOWING THE RELATIVE LOCATION OF THE PROPOSED CANAL, LAKE PROVIDENCE BAYOU MACON THE TENSAS, BLACK, RED, AND ATCHAFALAYA" RIVERS.



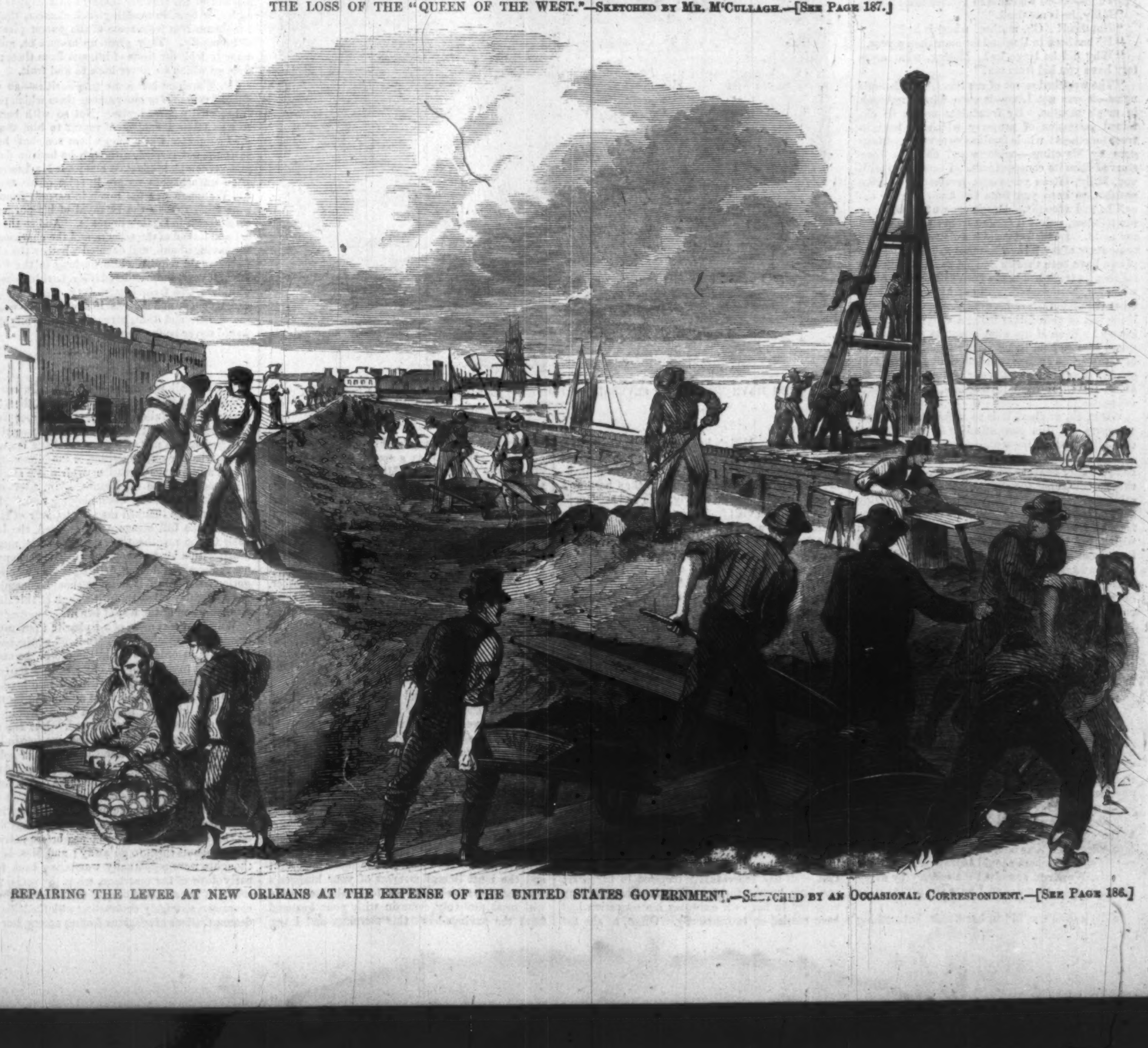
UNION JIM'S PRISONERS.



Cutting the Levees at Providence.—[See Page 187.]



THE LOSS OF THE "QUEEN OF THE WEST."—SKETCHED BY MR. M'CULLAGH.—[SEE PAGE 187.]



REPAIRING THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS AT THE EXPENSE OF THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT.—SKETCHED BY AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.—[SEE PAGE 186.]

MILLY LESLIE'S SECRET.

CHAPTER I.

THE cathedral bells of Trowchester were ringing for evening prayer. A mellow light had fallen on the west front, while shadows were creeping over the cloisters and throwing the old buildings in their rear into obscurity. No zealous hands had striven to renovate Trowchester Cathedral. The north transept alone served for the purposes of public worship, and if any visitor of antiquarian tendencies attempted to stray toward the nave or aisles he was followed by an anxious verger, who represented to him the danger of his wanderings, and pointed out the positive order of the Dean and Chapter that no one should penetrate beyond the given space. Ominous noises, heard in the quiet morning and evening, but perhaps more alarming in their reality when occurring at noonday, warned the inhabitants of the neighborhood that Time had laid no gentle hand on the massive walls; yet externally there was no sign of ruin, and now, as they stood in the last glow of the wintry sunset, it was difficult to believe in their decay.

Hurrying past the cathedral and onward toward the market-cross came Milly Leslie, the wife of a clergyman officiating at the only chapel of ease in Trowchester. She turned down one of the narrow streets that led to the suburbs, and knocked at the door of a small old-fashioned house with a projecting upper story. An elderly woman who opened the door shook her head sadly as she looked at Milly and led the way up stairs, where, on her bed, a woman still young, and with the remains of a delicate and refined beauty on her features, lay dying of a painful illness which had so far yielded in the mortal struggle that a short interval of comparative peace had been granted to her last hours. "Something," said physicians, "had worn Mrs. Lane out." That something was anxiety. It was expressed in her eager eyes, and in that restlessness of body which, in some degree, seems to us to lessen the sanctity of suffering.

"Dr. Burrows does not think I shall live till morning," she said, as Milly sat down by the bedside. "Months ago I entreated him to warn me when he saw my last hours of suffering approaching, in order that I might not put off till too late what I have to say to you. Send Martha to church and come back to me."

The old servant went unwillingly, and Mrs. Lane waited for the closing of the house-door before she spoke again.

"You know I have nothing to leave you, Milly," she said, at last; "my annuity dies with me. I thank God that you are loved and cared for. Had it been otherwise my last hours would have been sadder than they now are. Milly!" she asked, suddenly, "do you remember your father?"

"Sometimes, mother, I think I do; but it is so long since he died. It must be more than fourteen years ago—before we came to Trowchester."

"Milly, he is not dead."

"Not dead! Oh, mother! where is he?"

"He has been in England for more than a year."

"Why did he leave us? Mother, what mystery have you hid from me?"

"The wretched secret of my life. Your father's name—it was not Lane—is even now a reproach in men's mouths. By fraudulent means he obtained possession of property which he held in trust for others: whole families were rendered beggars by his crime—widows and children have starved from its consequences. I came here with you, Milly, fifteen years ago, resolved, if it were possible, to keep you from the knowledge of the evil he had wrought. Deceit grew upon me, I can not tell how, unless it sprung from the love I bore my child. I called myself a widow. I made up some story of my former life that satisfied the people we have been thrown among, and I was thankful that its truth had never been called in question when Mr. Leslie asked you to be his wife. Think what the prejudices of his family would have been if the fact of your father being a convict had been known! Even if his attachment to you had induced him to hold to his engagement in defiance of the world's opinion, the knowledge of the fact would have destroyed your future happiness. Once, indeed, I tried to tell him, but my heart failed me."

"But, oh, mother! it is so unfair, so dishonest—forgive me, it is your affection for me, I know, that blinds you to the wrong-doing."

"I have done it for the best. He could never have a better or truer wife than my Milly. Why should you suffer for your father's sin? For the sake of my sleepless nights, for the long wearying days of anxiety and care, promise me, as you hope for mercy when you too lie down to die, that you will never tell Robert Leslie what I have kept back from him. I do not ask it on the strength of my own judgment alone. Your father wrote to me a fortnight before your marriage to tell me he had returned a homeless man. My first impulse was to share with him the little I had. Then I thought of the ruin of your prospects from the degradation of his relationship, and the hard sentence of the world when it should be discovered. I looked around for a friend to whom I could confide my position. Of all I knew in this place I could only ask advice in this cruel strait of Mr. Wareham."

"Mr. Wareham!"

"As a lawyer and a friend he was qualified to aid me. I wrote to your father upon his suggestion, sending him what little money I could spare, and entreating him to remain in London till after your marriage."

"And you have heard from him since, mother?"

"Never—never since. A second letter I sent to the address he gave me was returned from the post-office some time ago."

"If Mr. Wareham should betray us!"

"Mr. Wareham promised me secrecy by every thing he held sacred, and I hope, I pray, that he may keep his word."

Milly's head was hid in her hands, but nothing shut out the ticking of the clock that seemed noting only her mother's breathing.

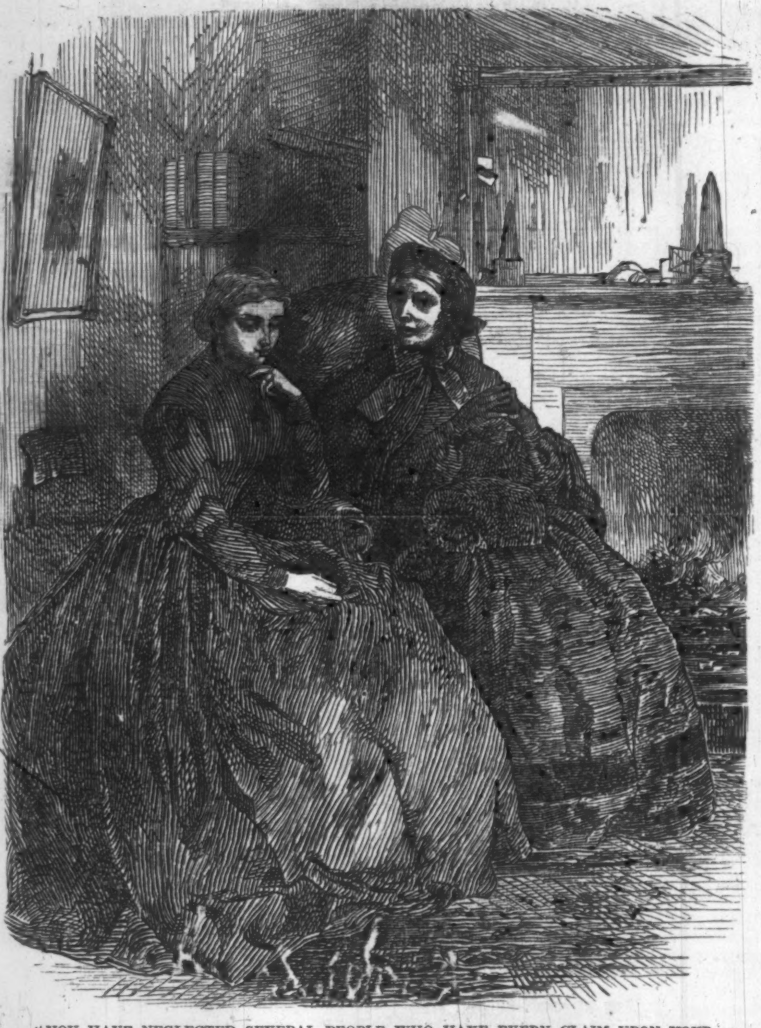
"Promise me, my Milly!" said the faint voice, more feebly.

And in the deepening gloom, with her mother's head pillowed on her arm—hoping that sleep might come to the weary eyelids if she yielded—praying that she might be forgiven if in so doing she erred—Milly promised never to tell her husband her father's history, never to say or do any thing in reference to it which would alter her position as Mr. Leslie's wife.

Evening prayers had been said and sung. The footsteps of the passers-by vibrated through the room. Martha had let herself in at the house-door, and Milly heard her striking a light in the room beneath. Softly she came up the creaking stairs and opened the door, shading the candle with her hand. Why heed where its rays fell? Mrs. Lane was dead.

CHAPTER II.

THE house in which the Leslies lived was in one of the principal streets of Trowchester; but it was ill-contrived, the ceilings were low, and the aspect uninviting. Dark maroon curtains hung at the parlor windows. The furniture was of mahogany, and the chairs were covered with horse-hair. A large round table with a green cloth stood in the centre of the room; a few shelves filled with controversial books had been fixed against the walls, and three obelisks of gray marble decorated the mantle-piece. Milly's housekeeping keys lay in a basket on the table: they were the sole symbols of feminine occupation visible. How was it possible for the room to look otherwise than hard and bare? It was here that Milly, pale and saddened, was receiving a visit from her mother-in-law. Mrs. Lane had been dead a fortnight, and Mrs. Leslie, who had never liked her, found it difficult to express sympathy with the daughter's grief. Mrs. Lane, from the beginning of Robert Leslie's acquaintance with Milly, had been obnoxious in her eyes. She was not a member of Mr. Leslie's congregation. She was undeniably poor; and there was aggravation of injuries in the fact that there was nothing tangible in her manner, either to Mr. Leslie or the rest of the small Trowchester world, to which she could reasonably object. No one had accused her of match-making for her daughter, and yet half a dozen mothers hated her as if she had entrapped Mr. Leslie into the marriage. But all women judge each other harshly; and if the softest and gentlest among them can not be exempted from the accusation, how much the more heavily must it fall upon the hard and exacting! Mrs. Leslie had had many struggles with adverse circumstances before she had seen her son safely placed in his present position. She was the widow of a dissenting preacher of some eminence in his day. He had died soon after the birth of her son, who was the youngest of her children. She had lost three others in their infancy, and the interest that each had individually inspired in her heart was now centred in him. By the most pinching economy in her own expenses his education had been carried on satisfactorily. Often, as she sat through the winter days in a dreary lodging, denying herself a fire, and making a cup of tea at least twice a week do duty for dinner, she would dream of a future when his talents should be matured, and he should enter the ministry, as his father had done before him. And that future was realized, though not in the way she intended; for Robert Leslie entered the Established Church, and left behind him many prejudices which had clung to his parents. She had kept her son's house for five years when his acquaintance began with Milly Lane. She did not oppose his wishes with regard to his marriage; *that* course she felt would have been a futile one; but she withdrew from his home when it was finally arranged, and settled herself down once more in solitude. Who could deny that Milly was pretty? She had large, soft brown eyes, a sweet smile, and a flitting blush that came and went on small provocations, making her face look brighter than it was in reality.



"YOU HAVE NEGLECTED SEVERAL PEOPLE WHO HAVE EVERY CLAIM UPON YOUR ATTENTION."

"And for this," Mrs. Leslie thought, as she turned the matter over in her mind during many a long day and longer night, "my son has married her! She can't take a class in the school: she would not know Obadiah from Hezekiah: she could not cut out a pinafore if she tried for hours: Robert might preach new-fangled doctrine for a month, and she would never find it out. What could have induced him to fall in love with a woman whose character is so utterly dissimilar to his own?"

Mrs. Leslie was sitting with her daughter-in-law: a little sterner and colder than usual, from being uncertain whether Milly was sufficiently mistress of herself to receive her observations with calmness. It had been a source of bitterness to Mrs. Leslie to find that "Milly" was not merely some pet diminutive, but a name that had been actually given in baptism; and at the commencement of their acquaintance she had suggested that she might address her daughter-in-law by a more conventional one. Somehow Mr. Leslie had fallen into the same habit, and Milly had become "Emilia" in her new home.

"Your constant attendance on your mother, Emilia—though I do not say you could have acted otherwise—has greatly interfered with your duties. You have scarcely ever been to evening chapel for the last three months; and on no less than four separate occasions I have observed that Robert's tea has not been ready on his return from the Sunday-school."

All this was true; and Milly making no reply, Mrs. Leslie continued:

"You have neglected several people, too, who have every claim upon your attention. Mrs. Bowle's Jemima has had measles: you have never once sent to inquire after her. Mrs. Crawley's cook and housemaid left her without notice: you should have offered her the services of one of the upper girls in the school. These little civilities are expected from a person in your position. Mr. Wareham tells me he has called twice when he knew you were at home, but that he has not seen you. Why is this? He is by far the most important and the most liberal member of your husband's congregation: he ought not to be slighted. He will most probably come in with your husband from the savings-bank this morning, and I beg you will not go up to your own room when they are discussing business matters. For my own part, I always found it better to take an interest in them when I lived with my son."

Well, sooner or later Milly knew she must meet Mr. Wareham again, and there might possibly be a sense of relief in the knowledge that their first interview would not be without witnesses. Not even her mother had ever known that before her engagement to Mr. Leslie was declared, Mr. Wareham had suddenly and passionately told her that he loved her—loved her in the face of all the coldness and reserve with which she treated him, and that, let her answer be what it might, he should love her so long as they both lived. She remembered that she had turned from him with something like disgust—that his eye had glared for a moment with fury, and that a vague dread of Mr. Wareham had taken possession of her mind from that period. To share her mother's secret with him, of all persons in the world! She felt there was but one line of conduct to pursue. She must endeavor to keep him in ignorance of the fact that her mother had confided to her the whole wretched history. All this, and much more in detail—not one among us can put on paper the thousand threads that form the woof of the human mind—all this had occurred to Milly when her mother-in-law announced Mr. Wareham's intended visit. He came in with Mr. Leslie a few minutes afterward. Never, perhaps, was there a greater contrast than that which existed between the two men. Mr. Leslie was tall and spare, with strongly-marked features, and a kindly expression in his eyes which was at variance with the reserve of his manner. Mr. Wareham represented the opposite type. He was stout and tall: his face fair and handsome: his manners almost affectedly frank and open-hearted.

Poor Milly! Her eyes met Mr. Wareham's, and he knew in that one hurried glance that her mother had left the secret in her keeping. He thought he had never seen her look so pretty since she had been Mr. Leslie's wife. Some strange sort of fascination drew her eyes to his, again and again, and he felt an intense degree of triumph in the idea that he might have it in his power to revenge himself for the genuine look of dislike which had seemed to sink into his very soul when he declared his love for her. A change was working in him which he made no effort to check. He had no longer to ask her for her love or her pity. It might be soon; it might be in the years to come: some day she should feel herself in his power.

If Milly's greeting was more shy and nervous than usual, her mother-in-law atoned for it with a grim suavity which was not always the characteristic of her manner. Mrs. Leslie had one of those natures which never feel antipathies to those with whom they are brought in contact, and who are equally far from yielding to the attractions which are recognized by others. It might form a matter of speculation as to how far such people are independent of the troubles incident to a livelier sympathy, or how, in avoiding such chances, they debar themselves from some of the purest pleasures of humanity. They grow up around us, and we cease to look for signs of interest from them: like trees on which we never hope to find fruit.

Mr. Wareham had some peculiarities—an occasional freedom of manner among them which passed unheeded by Mrs. Leslie. Not so with her son. It was often a subject of regret to him that his chief supporter was a man whom somehow he felt he could not respect, although he had no definite cause of complaint against him; but Mr. Leslie was of an unsuspicious nature in spite of his reserve, and Wareham was too much in earnest from this time forth to risk the betrayal of his purpose by carelessness in Leslie's presence. And so the three sat and talked of the schools, and the charities, and the savings-bank, and debated whether the chapel walls would require white-washing in the following half year, and wondered if Mr. Larkins's bequest would be free from legacy duty. And Milly sat and listened, and felt as if a web were weaving round her, and that, struggle as she might, she would never be free again.

CHAPTER III.

WE can all remember some hours in our past life when the light has seemed brighter, the shadow darker, the joy fuller, and the pain sharper than at other periods. But we have probably passed from inexperience to maturity, and we have learned to doubt whether any repetition of the circumstances would awaken the sensations which now stand out with such terrible distinctness. In after-times, when little children were playing round Milly's knees, and she thanked the Great Giver of Happiness for the full measure she enjoyed, she looked back to the months that succeeded her mother's death with a kind of wonder. Milly, perhaps, had never heard it said that nothing is ever wholly forgotten: she only felt as if she should remember to her dying day all she went through at this time, to the exclusion of the rest of her life.

Wareham was more of a Sybarite than any other man in Trowchester. He lived at the back of his house in order to avoid the din of the market-place, and rose late in the day; so that Milly contrived, when necessity carried her into his nearer neighborhood, it should be at an hour in the morning when his most important client would have failed to rouse him from his bed. But she could not avoid meeting him at her mother-in-law's. Mrs. Leslie enjoyed nothing better in her cold deliberate way than entertaining her son and daughter, Mr. Wareham, and two or three of Mr. Leslie's congregation in the evening.

It was not a sociable meeting. The visitors clung tenaciously to their tea-cups, as if they dreaded the interval that must elapse before politeness would permit them to go away; and Mrs. Leslie's thoughts were perpetually wandering back to the early days of her marriage, when the social gatherings of her sect had been of the severest possible character, strangely contrasting with the lukewarm demonstrations of religious feeling among her son's friends. Mr. Leslie invariably declined to avail himself of the opportunities his mother threw in his way on these occasions of expounding the particular views she loved to hear dwelt upon. In her heart she accused him of undue tolerance of other people's tenets, and of some small amount of moral cowardice when he failed to express himself strongly in defense of the opinions of his childhood. It was on such evenings that all Milly's care and watchfulness were required to keep Mr. Wareham from her side. Gossips had begun to say that young Mrs. Leslie had grown strangely talkative with slight acquaintances, and her husband often looked round in astonishment when she seemed to be asking questions at random. Once or twice, when he heard her laugh with half a dozen people around her, he found himself wishing he had seen tears running down her cheeks instead; something in her voice so smote upon his heart. But she was trying hard to be cheerful, to take an interest in the small affairs of their community, to be on good terms with her mother-in-law, and to hold herself aloof from Mr. Wareham, without giving him cause for offense. With such weak weapons as these was she fighting off the evil day.

It came at last. One Tuesday morning—day, week, month, year, how they clung to Milly's memory afterward!—she was sitting at breakfast with Mr. Leslie, when, looking up, she met his eyes fixed on her with an earnest look she had never seen in them before. He had in his hand a letter which he had just read through, and which he folded up slowly and thoughtfully, and put in his pocket-book. Had she felt less shy she would have asked him if he had had bad news; but as it was, she sat glancing timidly at his face, and waiting for him to speak to her. He did so at last.

"I must go to London by the next train," he said, "and I shall not be back till Thursday. I must ask Mr. Broughton to take the Wednesday evening service for me. Go and fetch your bonnet while I write to him, and walk down to the station with me."

She ran up stairs in a moment. He so rarely asked her to go out, excepting on those occasions when their being separate would have excited remark, that her heart beat with pleasure at the prospect of a walk with him. His preparations were soon made. Again, as they stood in the doorway, she caught his eyes intently bent upon her, and tears rose to hers she knew not why. He took her in his arms, and kissed her again and again. He had left home for a few days at least half a dozen times before, and yet he had never done so. Well! it was a day of wonders.

On her way home she met Mrs. Leslie coming toward the station, full of curiosity to ascertain what urgent business had called her son to London. Milly did not know: she had not asked him. How often is ignorance as irritating as superior knowledge!

"Not asked him!" said Mrs. Leslie, indignantly. "You would let him preach in a surplice without inquiring whether he had taken leave of his senses. When my son lived with me, he never went any where without my cognizance. I really wonder at the indifference with which you see him go about his ordinary avocations without attempting to interfere; but to let him leave Trowchester, and not to know what his address is in London: to suffer him to absent himself on a Wednesday evening, too, without remonstrating with him; it is incredible!"

Milly walked on silently. She had been sunning herself in her husband's kindness, and it was like waking out of a soft, warm sleep to the reality of a winter morning to listen to Mrs. Leslie's reproaches. She did not content herself with her present grievance alone. It seemed as if her son's unaccountable absence had aroused a latent ire which she determined to expend upon his wife.

"Then, again, what is the use of a cushion in the pulpit? Robert has never touched it for the last three months. I watch him closely. The last time he struck it with any energy was on the 15th of February. He is losing all his fervor and emphasis. I certainly blame you for not constantly reminding him, as I used to do formerly, that energetic action ought always to accompany a pulpit discourse."

Milly returned to her own home, but Mrs. Leslie bent her steps to Mr. Wareham's, in search of information. She found that Mr. Wareham was unaware of any cause for her son's absence; but he was greatly abstracted and preoccupied when he learned her tidings, and so evidently anxious that her visit should be a short one, that she was obliged to take her departure without obtaining any clew to what she considered a mystery.

Later in the day Mr. Wareham presented himself at Mr. Leslie's house. He saw that Milly had turned deadly pale at his entrance, and he noticed that when she rose from her seat she steadied herself by leaning on the table near her. He, too, was pale. He had caught sight of his face in a looking-glass as he was leaving his own sitting-room, and he knew that it wore an expression which was not its ordinary one. As he sat down opposite to her, he thought, as he had done many times before, if she had been in his home, what a different place that home would have been! Even now, it was not beyond the verge of possibility. Was it likely she cared so very much for Robert Leslie? Would he not shut himself up in his coldness and reserve, if he imagined there was the slightest wavering in her duty? Wareham knew that he was morbidly sensitive on many points, and had seen him quail before a gossiping tongue. He had a plan, and if that plan succeeded Trowchester would no longer hold him. No matter. There was his brother's home in Sydney, where he would be welcome; there was a London practice which he could have at little or no sacrifice. His one object attained, the world was all before him to begin again.

"I have ventured to come, Mrs. Leslie," he said, speaking slowly, "for the purpose of discussing some private business with you. I do not know whether you are aware that shortly before your marriage your mother confided to me a very important circumstance, which she wished to remain unknown to Mr. Leslie."

Milly assented by gesture; words she could not find.

"Of course, the confidence reposed in me by Mrs. Lane—or rather Mrs. Vining, for such you are perhaps aware was her real name—has been held sacred, and I should not now put myself into communication with her daughter upon the subject, did I not think it my duty to lay before you certain facts connected with the case."

He paused, in order that his listener might speak: he was sure he heard her heart beating: an old story about a rattlesnake and a bird came into his head as he saw her sitting breathlessly waiting for what was to come.

"Shortly after, Mrs. Vining, acting upon my advice, had written to her husband; he applied to me under circumstances of great distress. He had been seized with illness: he knew his wife's inability to aid him at the time, and he felt sincere regret for the evil he had already brought upon his family. I was glad, for your mother's sake, to be able to help him in his trouble, and I have since provided him with the means of support. I did not inform your mother of Mr. Vining's application to me, because I knew, in the position in which she had placed herself with regard to Mr. Leslie, it was impossible for her to act openly in the matter, and her health was then fast failing her."

"Oh, thank you! thank you! Mr. Wareham," cried Milly, tears falling from her eyes unheeded. "You spared her much anxiety at the last."

"The reason of my addressing myself to you now is this," resumed Mr. Wareham: "Mr. Vining's days are numbered. He is living at Brentnor" (this was the name of a little watering-place about seven miles from Trowchester), "and I see him whenever I can find time to drive over. He has asked me to assure you of his deep repentance of his fault, and to beg your forgiveness for the past."

"Oh, my poor father!" sobbed Milly. "Forgive him! Tell him, Mr. Wareham, that I love him dearly, and if I could only see him—"

"That I had thought of," said Mr. Wareham, "and it is possible an interview might be arranged. He wishes to hear from your own lips that you do not hate him as the cause of your mother's sufferings. Of course this could only be in Mr. Leslie's absence."

"But if I could tell him, Mr. Wareham," said Milly, "if I could only tell him! He would forgive the deception, and provide for my poor father's support, if I might only kneel down at his feet and tell him what I have suffered."

"It is not to be thought of for one moment," said Mr. Wareham. "I know his character thoroughly, and do not doubt his kindness; but I say again, it must not be. What I have done I have done, and there is, I fear, but little more to do." He rose to go. "I shall be in Brentnor to-morrow, and I will let you know, on my return, in what state I have found Mr. Vining."

Once more alone, Milly reproached herself for her ingratitude to Mr. Wareham. All the while she had been distrusting him he had been doing, without a word of thanks, what she would have given every thing she possessed not to have left undone. To picture to herself her poor broken-down father, longing for a few words of kindness from her lips; to reproach herself for not having endeavored to seek him out after her mother's death; at one moment, to long to break her promise, and tell her husband the miserable story; at the next, to try how she could hide it from him more completely—such was the current of Milly's thoughts, and bitter, and wretched, and self-humiliating they were.

The night dragged slowly on, and she rose on the following day in a fever of excitement. She watched and waited, starting at the sound of every footstep, till five o'clock in the afternoon, when Mr. Wareham came in hurriedly. He said he had just returned from Brentnor; he had been there all night; Mr. Vining was evidently sinking, and he feared, unless she saw him within a few hours, in this world they could not meet at all.

"Let me go to him, Mr. Wareham!" she implored. "Let me go to him!"

"If there were a railroad to Brentnor there would be no difficulty," he replied; "but the drive there and back will occupy at least three hours, and your mother-in-law would doubtless hear of your absence. Could you not excuse yourself from attending service at the chapel with her this evening, and, as soon as she has gone, take a fly to Brentnor?"

"Oh yes, yes," said Milly, who had seen all the difficulty of freeing herself from Mrs. Leslie's companionship, and was thankful for the suggestion; "but it will be dark; if I do not find a fly—"

"I will take care that one is waiting for you at the market-cross at a quarter to seven," said Mr. Wareham, "and I will give instructions to the driver. The people of the house in which your father lives are prepared for your coming."

Milly acquiesced in the arrangement.

He calculated, he said, that it would be quite possible for her to get back to Trowchester before half past nine, the time when Mr. Broughton's hearers would most likely be at liberty to return to their homes, and when her own coming in would probably pass unnoticed.

She tried to thank him, but her words were lost in her tears. How should she look her husband in the face when he returned? How should she ever wipe out the debt of gratitude she owed Mr. Wareham?

Ding, dong, ding. Ding, dong, ding. The cathedral bells again.

She had listened to them as evening after evening sped by in hope, in doubt, in misery. They were associated in her memory with the few eventful hours of her life. Now they rung warnings, reproaches, revilings into her ears. Whichever way she turned there was treachery, either to her mother's memory or her husband's love.

Mrs. Leslie, calling according to her custom, saw that her daughter-in-law looked fevered and ill, and not ungraciously accepted her excuses. The door had no sooner closed upon her than Milly ran breathlessly to her room, dressed herself in haste, and took her way to the market-cross just as the twilight was deepening into shadow. A fly was drawn up in front of the old stone pile. Milly hesitated a moment as the driver approached her.

"For Brentnor?" he said. "Mr. Wareham has given me my orders."

She got in. She noticed that a man hastily jumped upon the box beside the driver. She was in a state of feverish excitement, by which every nerve was sharpened. Her throat was parched; she could hardly draw her breath, and, with her face turned toward the open window to catch the cool air, she saw she was leaving the town of Trowchester behind her, and speeding out toward the open country.

CHAPTER IV.

ROBERT LESLIE had concluded the business which called him to London sooner than he expected, and, unwilling to be absent from his home an hour longer than was necessary, he had put himself into a train which was due at Trowchester at seven o'clock, and was thinking over the surprise it would be to his wife to see him back again a day earlier than she expected. The railroad passed under the road which led to Brentnor, close by the station, which was nearly a mile from the market-place of Trowchester, and this distance he resolved upon walking, leaving his bag to be sent up to the town. We all know how likely we are to fall into reverie when we are not in the least hurried; when we have for the moment no dominant feeling; when we are walking—as Robert Leslie was—in a quiet, country road, the twilight almost gone, the stars flashing out at wide intervals, and shadows, deep and soft, settling on the surrounding landscape. But Mr. Leslie had been communing with himself for many a long hour. He had been married for nearly two years, and, somehow, during this time his ideal happiness had slipped farther and farther away from his grasp, and a negative kind of content occupied its place. Was Milly happy? He was afraid not. How seldom her eye grew lighter, or her cheek brighter, when he came! And yet it had been what people call a love-match. Do we not see our own faults? There are moments of self-examination when their presence and identity are no less clearly recognized than our features are in the looking-glass before us; and Mr. Leslie felt that his extreme reserve—the result, perhaps, only of his early training—had chilled the heart of his wife as distinctly as if some far-seeing friend had laid his finger on the fault and pointed it out to him. There have been some few fortunate people in the world who have been able to gather up the tangled skeins of the destinies they marred, and have woven them afresh. Mr. Leslie was doing this; thinking how Milly's should be made a brighter life; thinking that, gratefully as he had always acknowledged his mother's sacrifices in his youth, they formed no claim for a certain degree of tyranny which she had since exercised in his household; thinking how much happier Milly would be away from the dull house in Trowchester; thinking joyfully, hopefully, as he felt he had reason to do of the future: when, having reached the road that led to Brentnor, he stood for a moment, waiting for a fly, which was coming up at full speed, to pass him. Was he dreaming? Had he thought of her till his mind was leaving him? A wild cry struck his ears. "Robert! Robert!" A wild cry, as if from a voice that had no power to shriek. If indeed he were sane, it must have come from the carriage that passed him. It was almost out of sight. Utterly bewildered, he was unaware of the approach of a person on horseback from the direction of the town, a middle-aged farmer, on a large-limbed gray mare, which had carried him at a lazy pace for the last ten years. He recognized Mr. Leslie, and wished him good-evening.

"Did a carriage pass you just now?" asked Mr. Leslie, hastily, without attending to his greeting.

"Surely," was the reply.

"With a woman in it?"

"Surely."

"Mr. Lindsay—you will think it an odd request—will you lend me your mare for half an hour? I'll bring her back to you safe."

"No fear of that, Mr. Leslie," replied the farmer, good-naturedly, getting off as quickly as habitual slowness would permit him. "I'll just walk down to the station, and be here by the time you are back."

Mr. Leslie's weight was about two-thirds less than his friend's, and the mare, urged by voice and touch, started at a tolerable pace. In two or three minutes the fly was again in sight: he could see that the man seated on the box looked back several times, and the rate at which the vehicle was moving was almost doubled. On went the mare, gathering strength and spirit from her unwonted exertions: the space between the pursuer and the pursued lessening at every step; the way becoming more and more obscure.

How often in moments of strong excitement it has seemed as if dumb animals, our dogs or our horses, have sympathized more kindly with us than our fellow-creatures! Leslie was breathless with eagerness as he came within hail of the fly, and the mare could with difficulty be held in. He shouted to the driver to stop, but his voice was disregarded, and in another moment he was abreast of the vehicle. He had endeavored to overtake it, because he was persuaded he had heard his wife's voice as it passed him; but yet he was almost stupefied with astonishment when her pale face met his. To seize the driver's arm and possess himself of the reins, in spite of his resistance, was the work of a moment, when a heavy blow with the but-end of a whip, aimed at his head but falling on his shoulder, caused him to look for his assailant. It was with extreme surprise that he recognized Wareham.

They were at this juncture opposite one of the little roughly-built houses faced with round stones stuck in the clay which are every where to be seen on the south coast. Here was to be sold "Beer to be drunk on the premises;" and two or three persons, who seemed by their bewilderment by no means to have disregarded the injunction, ran out to see what had happened. Mr. Leslie sprang off the mare, and having thrown the bridle to the first-comer, forced the terrified driver to dismount. Wareham, too, had got down, perhaps still hoping that the horse might be urged on, if he could possess himself of the reins.

"Take care, Robert Leslie," he said, as they met face to face; "you had better let me pass. This evening's work will be the worst in your life if you persist in stopping my way."

Leslie, not heeding him, had opened the carriage door. Milly got out with trembling steps.

"Why are you here?" he asked, impetuously.

"Mrs. Leslie is with me with her own full consent," said Wareham. "I appeal to her to say whether this is not the truth."

There was no reply. Leslie half-carried half-dragged her into the house, and pushing open the first door, which was that of a little sanded parlor, looked in her face by the light of the solitary tallow-candle which was burning there.

"I ask you," said Leslie, steadying his voice, "why are you here?"

"Robert, forgive me; don't think ill of me," she said. "I have been tied by a sacred promise to keep a secret—"

"A secret with which *he* is acquainted?" said Leslie, indignantly pointing to Wareham, who had followed them into the room. "Till this night," he said, turning to him, "I have looked upon you and treated you as a friend. In some underhand manner you have abused this trust."

"*I* have abused no trust," replied Mr. Wareham, with emphasis.

"You are mistaken," interrupted Mr. Leslie, contemptuously, "if you think I believe my wife to be any thing but the victim of some willful misrepresentation on your part. Your malice is harmless there."

"Possibly," replied Mr. Wareham, who felt that he had but his last card to play. "Hark you, Robert Leslie! You think I owe you an explanation of this night's proceedings. Mrs. Leslie is with me voluntarily; but ostensibly, I may say, on affairs relating to certain family antecedents with which it is not desirable that you should become acquainted."

"You may speak freely," said Mr. Leslie, looking at him coldly.

"I intend to do so—in Trowchester," replied Mr. Wareham, his face growing white. "You have won from me the only woman I ever loved. Guard yourself from the tongues of the fools who have hitherto looked up to you. Hide yourself from scoffing eyes, from your mother's reproaches, from your friends' sneers. It may be a poor revenge, and it has been long in coming, but it will be some satisfaction to me to see your position, when it is known to your small world that your wife is the daughter of a returned convict."

And with that last shaft, flung with the bitterest look of hatred, Mr. Wareham turned and left the room. Mr. Leslie closed the door, and stood thoughtfully before his wife.

"It is true, Robert," she said, the tears raining from her eyes. "But I did not know it when I married you. I did not know how much I had injured you till my mother's death. My poor father wished to see me before he died, and Mr. Wareham was taking me to him."

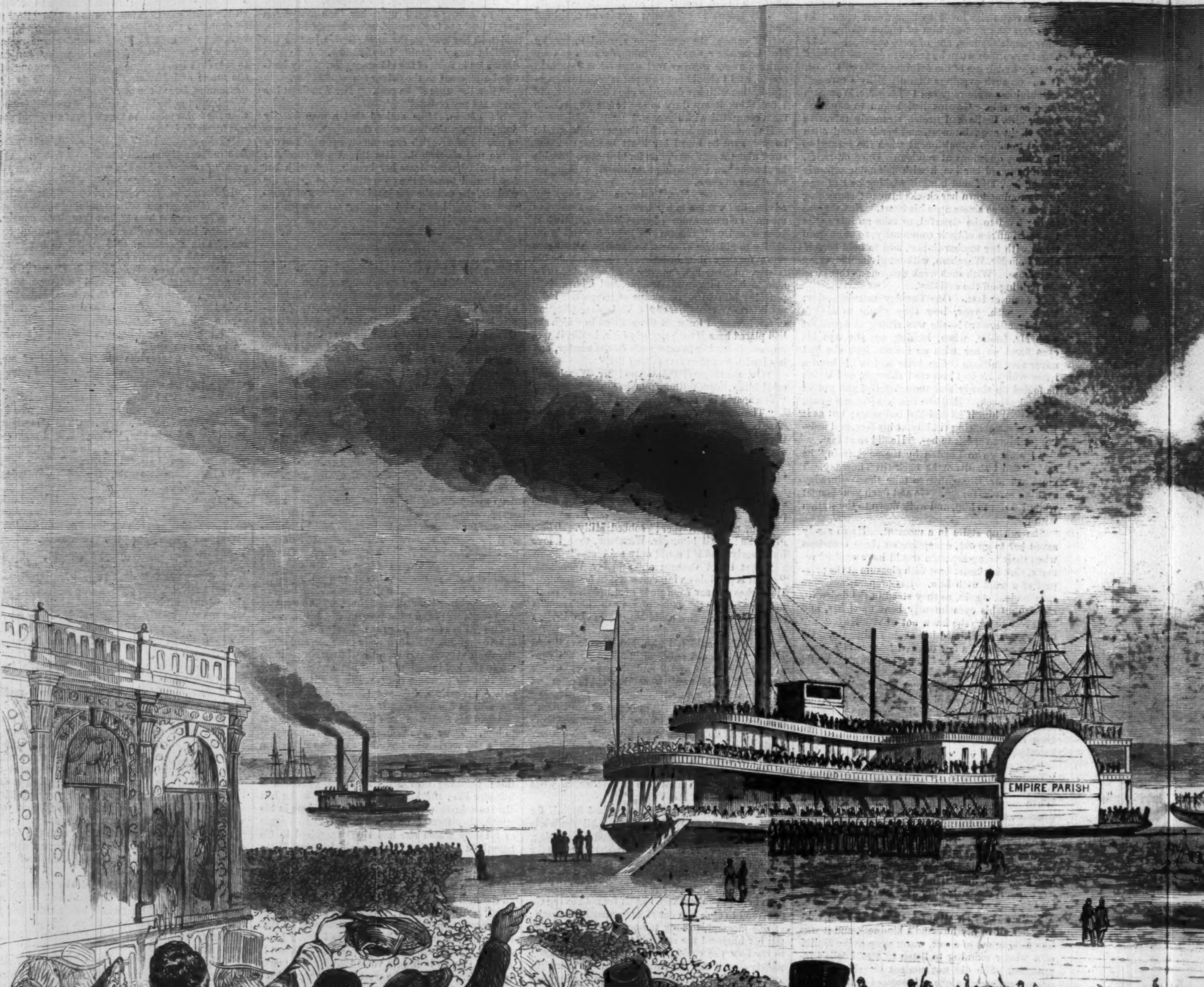
"My poor girl! My poor Milly!" he said, taking her in his arms. "He is dead. I stood beside his grave this morning. It was to see him carried to it that I went to London. Some day we will go and look at it together. Milly, you remember the night before our marriage? I left your mother's house later than usual. I found a wretched-looking man watching by the door. He evidently knew who and what I was. At first I could hardly believe his statements; but when I recalled many circumstances connected with your mother I began to think that what he said might be true. It was a sad, sad story; and he was both ill and desperate. In the morning the whole affair would be known in Trowchester. I had but a few minutes to choose between giving you up or purchasing his silence. I took him to an out-of-the-way inn, where he could rest and refresh himself till a train started for London, and I did not lose sight of him till he was safely in it. I then wrote to an old friend in London in whom I knew I could place confidence, directing him to provide your father with necessaries, and to procure him medical advice. From time to time I have learned that all efforts to restore his health have been unavailing, and on Tuesday morning you saw me open the letter which announced his death. How Mr. Wareham got possession of the secret, and how far he intended to abuse his knowledge of it, I shall never seek to know. I only have been to blame, for I have acted like a coward from first to last. Forgive me, Milly!"

What more he said, and in what words she replied, is it not written in the memories of both?

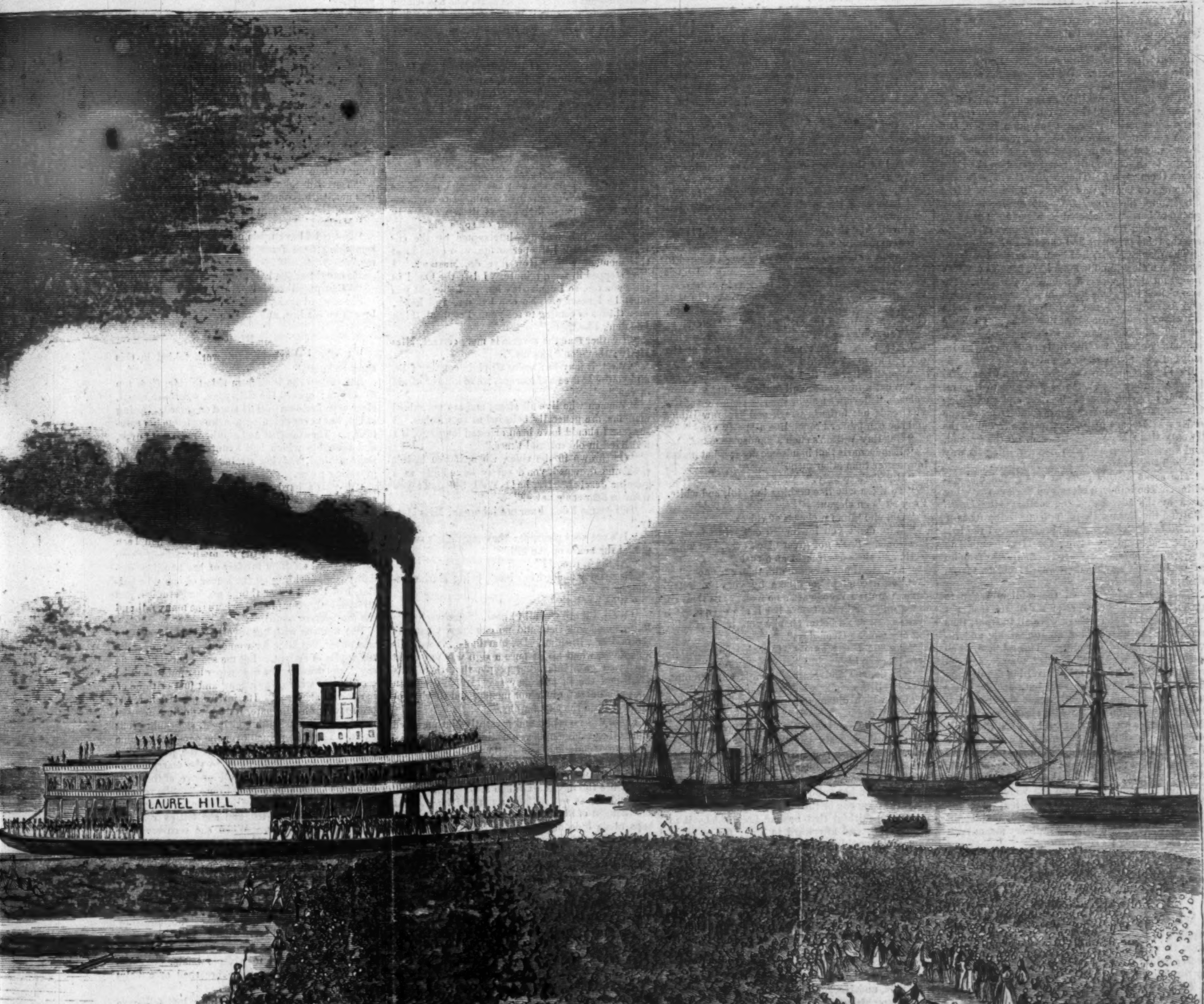
"Although the day be ever so long,
At last it will ring for evening song."

Robert Leslie and his wife left Trowchester a few weeks afterward. He had been offered a better and wider field for his ministry in London, whither his mother did not care to follow him, his successor giving her far greater satisfaction, in a doctrinal point of view, than he had ever done.

Mr. Wareham went out to Australia, having married the daughter of a farmer a few days before his departure—a kind-hearted, cherry-cheeked girl, who had long hopelessly admired him in secret, and who accepted gratefully the small amount of affection he proffered. And if the Trowchester people repeated every story but the right one concerning them all, what did it signify? We are mistaken if we think a wonder ever lasts out the nine days which the old saying allots to it.


EMPIRE PARISH

SCENE ON THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE PAROLED U


LAUREL HILL

ED REBEL PRISONERS, FEBRUARY 20, 1863.—Sketched by Mr. Hamilton.—[See Page 186.]

EXTRAORDINARY EXCITEMENT IN NEW ORLEANS.

A VERY extraordinary exhibition of public feeling took place in New Orleans on Friday the 20th ult., which threw the whole city in the wildest excitement; but was, fortunately, attended with no serious consequences. We illustrate the scene on pages 184 and 185.

It having been publicly announced that a flag-of-truce boat would leave on Friday to convey some 382 paroled prisoners to Baton Rouge, and there exchange them on board a rebel vessel for Port Hudson, an immense concourse of the disloyal portion of the community congregated on the levee to see them go off. The *Empire Parish*, with the prisoners on board, was lying at the foot of Canal Street, and the *Laurel Hill*—moored immediately ahead of her—was selected by about 1000 at least, who crowded into and upon every part of her, to see the rebel prisoners and cheer them.

The *Empire Parish* had been advertised to leave at three o'clock, and it must have been as early as noon that the masses commenced to assemble. By two o'clock the whole levee, in its enormous width and extending all the way from Canal to Julia Street, was one dense sea of human heads; a large proportion of them females wearing secesh badges, and many openly waving little rebel flags—an insult not confined to their sex alone.

Seeing that matters were assuming a disgraceful if not alarming aspect, notice was sent to General Bowen, advising him of the fact, and suggesting the necessity of sending down some troops. The order was at once given, and soon a squad of the Twenty-sixth Massachusetts were on the ground, and a portion of a battery came threading its way through the crowd.

The scene at this moment was grand and exciting. The immense crowds on the levee swaying back by the advance of the soldiery—the *Laurel Hill* and the *Empire Parish* both one living mass of human beings cheering vociferously—and the balconies and windows facing the river teeming in every available spot, even to the roofs—the females screaming and waving their handkerchiefs, scarfs, flags, and parasols.

The order being given, the soldiers began to make the crowd move back; a delicate task not easy to effect, as the women were all in front, thus screening the men behind an impassable and invincible barrier of crinoline. The soldiers, however, behaved with perfect order, temper, and decency, making no reply to the insulting taunts from hundreds of the weaker sex, but, holding their muskets horizontally, gently made the crowd fall back. The balconies were also cleared of all their demonstrative occupants, and thus at last the whole mass was grumblingly dispersed, and the *Empire Parish* had to crawl off quietly in the night without that grand parting scene which the rebels evidently expected, and which the scene in the morning clearly promised. Upon the whole, it was a disgraceful and dangerous exhibition, and one which certainly ought to have been, and could have been, prevented had any ordinary means been used for avoiding its occurrence.

REPAIRING THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS.

WE publish on page 18[illegible] an illustration which represents the work of REPAIRING THE LEVEE AT NEW ORLEANS. Our picture shows a force of four or five hundred workmen, all Union men, employed by direction of the military authorities.

They are building new bulk-heads to protect this portion of the city front from the danger of inundation, threatened by the steady encroachments of the Mississippi, the current sweeping into the sharp curve with great velocity, gradually wearing away and undermining the levee. The new levee, the process of construction of which is shown in the sketch, is probably but temporary, as a new one will be erected against the new bulk-head when the flood has subsided sufficiently to permit it. The large Gothic building in the back-ground is in an unfinished condition. Built for charitable purposes from a fund bequeathed for that object by a citizen of New Orleans named Touro, from whom it derives its name, "Touro Building," it is used at present as the head-quarters of the Fourth Louisiana Native Guard (colored), which regiment is in process of formation.

ONE WOMAN'S WILL.

I.

THERE had been a grand gala in the little town of Wilton, the like of which had not been known in years. It had created more talk than camp-meeting or the county fair; had fluttered more fair damsels, and given more zest to gossip than even training-day inspired; for it had been a ball given by the Wiltons of Wilton. All little towns have their great houses, but none invoked more veneration than the old Wilton manor. It was something set apart from even the common gaze, hidden in dense foliage, surrounded by a park which retained the familiar aspect of one yet owned by English Wiltons, and within its sacred precincts few villagers ever strayed. Of course all this reserve and dignity was not maintained without some loss of familiar friendliness. Invidious criticisms were often indulged in; covetousness and envy created wider distance than Wilton hauteur; and as small matters are the natural aliment of small minds, great faults were made of little flaws. There were only three occupants of the great house after all, and no young ladies to make it, as it might have been, the centre of hospitality and gayety. Mr. Wilton, *pere*, had made his fortune in China—was a cold, proud, intelligent, sensible man; his wife, an invalid, sweet-tempered and gentle; the son, Ray, a combination of both, with more beauty than is thought to be a man's share. Yet these three people were of far more account than all Wilton put together, just because they happened to be very wealthy.

Snubbed or pitied, envied or hated, none of the Wilton invitations were refused for the grand ball, and every one, after it, coincided in declaring that nothing could have been finer.

The house itself was very plain but spacious; great airy rooms and wide piazzas, somewhat bizarre from their curious quantity of Chinese furniture and ornaments; every room lighted, and the profusion of shrubs and flowers made a garden of it to the bewildered eyes of Wiltonia. Of course there had been music and dancing, and, spite of the awe which awkward country swains could not but feel in the presence of those whom their own fancy had so bedight, every one was put at ease by the graceful suavity of Ray Wilton. He had, as I have said, the attributes of both parents, but in manner an art of his own.

Hardly had the memory of the ball faded before there came another sensation, quite as unusual and even more exciting. Ray Wilton was engaged to be married—not to some bewitching city belle, not even to the pretty blonde Lily Davis, whose father was Mr. Wilton's richest tenant—but to that plain, strange, silent creature, Marian Woodward, old Mr. Woodward the clergyman's daughter.

"You don't say so!"

"Yes I do. Don't you remember her at the party, in a black silk dress as stiff as a poker?"

"Aunt Sally, not that Miss Woodward!"

"What a fuss you are all making!" put in a new voice. "Marian's a sight smarter than most girls. She reads her father's Greek and Hebrew Bible, and she can jabber French like a 'parly voo.'"

"But Ray Wilton's such a handsome man."

"Handsome is that handsome does; what makes him better than other men?"

"But she's so ugly."

"To those who like nothing but pink and white, I say she's an elegant—"

"Oh, oh!" from a chorus of voices.

"Why don't you let me go on? She *is* right handsome. She's got great black eyes, and white teeth, and she's as straight as a rush."

"And she'll put on more airs than ever now."

"You needn't judge others by yourself, Betsy Jane. Marian Woodward's no fool. You'll all go down on your knees before her if she ever is Mrs. Wilton; so you'd better change your habit of talking of people. Good-day."

"I guess Hetty expects to make the wedding-dress, for she is dreadful tart this morning."

"Oh no, she and Marian always were cronies. Well, well, I wonder what will happen next!"

That which did next happen was the death of old Mr. Woodward, hardly to the surprise of any, though greatly to the affliction of Marian, whose life, since she was sixteen till now her twenty-first year, had been devoted to her loving, venerable father. What had first attracted Ray Wilton toward Marian was the strong and tender attachment between her and her father: it was so chivalric, if the term can be thus used; so graceful, yet so warm and faithful that he had been led by it to admire first, and afterward to love: for to know Marian thoroughly was to love her. His courtship had been short and ardent; Marian, won fairly, yielded without coyness. She had a woman's natural preference for gallantry and manly bearing, and a very childlike trust and faith in those she loved. She was not in the least exalted at the idea of becoming a Wilton, nor flattered that both Mr. and Mrs. Wilton already received her with sincere expressions of regard—though village gossip avowed quite the contrary.

Soon after the funeral Marian, to save herself future pain, undertook to arrange her father's effects, and among his papers found one which, as she read, drove the blood from her cheek and set her heart palpitating with unknown fear. It contained a revelation so painful and extraordinary that, for a moment, she could not collect her scattered wits. In the room where she was sitting—her father's study—was a bright wood fire; great logs of glowing hickory, hissing and crackling on top, at bottom a bed of soft, feathery ashes: one moment she glanced at the fire, in another the paper she held in her hand was curling up in its smoke; but again, in a second, she had snatched it from the flame and held it again in her possession, scorched and blackened, as was also her hand.

Slowly the day passed away, and still she sat silently before the fire with this crumpled, scorched paper in her hand: evening came, and with it Ray Wilton, who found her in the same position, pale, stern, and tearless. She gave him the paper to read, and watched him as he too grew pale over its contents. When he had finished he essayed to draw her toward him; but the embrace was refused: she drew away with apparent effort, but very firmly.

"There can be no more of this, Ray. You are free again. Shall we say good-by now?"

"You are not in earnest, Marian?"

"Quite so."

"This may not be true; and even if it were, you know I love you, Marian."

"I am saving you an awkward necessity: it would have to come sooner or later."

He was pacing the floor excitedly, head down, stroking his long mustache, half thinking she was right—struggling between, as he thought, love and honor; but the two are never divided. There had never been a blot on the Wilton escutcheon. Could he be the one to blend the bar sinister on so fair a shield?

"I have thought it all out, Ray; looked at it in all lights. Let me beg you not to shake my resolve."

She was very cool and calm: so much so that he was nearly deceived, and felt like bursting out in bitter reproaches. But she had come to him, and put her hand softly in his. His quick pressure thrilled her with pain; for the tender white skin was more burned than in her greater pain she had been conscious of. Again he remonstrated. She was immovable, and half in anger half in sorrow he left her. That whole night she walked her bedroom floor, her burned hand stinging, her broken heart numb. In the morning she was gone, no one knew whither—not even the old servants who had charge of the rectory; and all Wilton said that Ray had jilted Marian, for he too went away to Europe.

II.

In a tiny parlor of a little cottage, on a lane leading from the Wilton highway, sat a woman sewing one cold winter evening. It was not yet evening either in the strict Northern sense; for it was not dark, and the pale gleam of gold that was fast being gathered up in the deep shades of purple showed that the sun was but just going down behind those little western hills over which swept down a chilly breeze.

Faster than the needle went in and out of its work came the low refrain of words set to rhyme—not a song, though the voice of itself was nearly music, just a quiet chanting of some old poem, rich in English melody—interrupted by the entrance of a brisk little personage, who came in at this moment with "How d'ye do, Marian? I just stopped in for a minute. I left the bread in the oven too, so I can't stay long. I thought you must be lonesome. No one but me, you know, ever thinks of coming to see you. People all think you don't like them."

"I rather fear the reverse is more correct, Miss Hetty: they don't like me."

"Well, it may be; we're all plain country folk, and you're so dreadful learned, we're kind of afraid of you."

"Women who live all alone, and are not school madams, are generally believed to be witches. I suppose I should have been arrested long ago, if I had lived in old colonial times."

"Or thrown in the river, when, if you hadn't sunk and drowned, you'd surely been hung as a genuine Jezebel. Ha, ha! Well, but don't you want to hear some news?"

"Of course I do; I am not inhuman, Miss Hetty."

"It's not very pleasant: they say there's small-pox at the house on the hill."

"At the Wiltons'?"

Miss Hetty nodded her head, eying Marian askance.

"Who has it?"

"Well, I'll tell you all I know. Some weeks ago Ray came home sick, and no one knew what was the matter with him. Dr. Martin said it was bilious fever, when all at once a sign was put up at the great gate informing people that there was small-pox there; and they say Mrs. Wilton can not get a nurse for love nor money, and they're goin' to send to the city for one."

There was no reply, and presently Marian asked some other commonplace question, which in a remote way reminded Miss Hetty that the bread in the oven might burn if she did not hurry home; and so Marian was left alone. Years had come and gone since the day Marian had last seen Ray Wilton, and it was not without a pang of sorrow that she thought of his bright handsome face, now perhaps made hideous by disease. She had weaned herself from other thoughts, from useless regrets. The Past had been buried without blame, without repining; but its work had been to make her a lonely, solitary creature, without ties of kindred or society. Her religion was that described in the first chapter and twenty-seventh verse of St. James, that which she strove to possess. In no other way was she known in the homes of other people. As the light waned, and she could not sew, thought became more and more restive, till at last she rose under its impulse, lighted a candle, and went to her bedroom, from which she emerged in bonnet and cloak.

The evening, though chilly, was a tranquil one; stars were just peeping out, as swiftly over the meadows Marian sped along, thinking of that line in "Evangeline" where the stars are spoken of as the "forget-me-nots of the angels." She reached the village shortly, and lifted a brass knocker, on which was most portentously graven the name of Dr. Martin. The Doctor was in, was just going to tea, but condescended to listen to Marian's errand. "Are you afraid too?" was his reply to her question, but meeting no response, took her into his office. Quickly her arm was bared, and she was vaccinated. Without waiting to know whether it was prudent to venture near contagion at once, she hurried up the long hill which led to the Wilton manor-house.

Stiller, graver than ever, it seemed to hold itself aloof in the solemn darkness of the night with the fearful illness under its roof; and the servant who led her in warned her that no one ventured so far. She silently dismissed the subject, and asked to see Mrs. Wilton, who, in her invalid state, was unusually nervous and alarmed.

Coolly and quietly she announced her wish with so much decision and earnestness, that, after a short consultation with her husband, Mrs. Wilton acceded to her request. It was simply that she might, as she was able, do all she could for their son Ray. And so once more they met. He in high delirium, unconscious, often uttering her name; she risking her life for the love she bore him. Once she did, indeed, peer into the mirror, wondering what her face would be should it be pitted and scarred with this fearful scourge; and smiled to see how thin, and white, and hollow-eyed she had become in her nightly vigils. The act was hardly one of vanity.

With the first decided symptom of recovery Marian would have left Ray, almost unconscious of the unwearying care she had bestowed upon him; and again would she have taken flight, for more than ever did she dread village gossip—more than all would she avoid the thanks which would be thought her due. But suddenly one day Ray opened up conscious eyes, and with something of Wilton *hauteur* bade her come to his bedside.

For a moment or two he devoured her with his great eyes—the one fine feature of his face unharmed. He looked at her as wistfully as a hungry beggar gazes at good things beyond his reach.

"I wonder you do not run off again, Marian. Do you know what I have been doing these three years?"

"No."

"Cursing my cowardice for giving in to you that night."

"You could not help it."

"Indeed I could; to tell the truth I was shocked and hurt, and confounded family pride made a fool of me."

"Hush, hush!"

"And now I suppose you would scorn to touch me with your finger tips."

"Do stop, Ray." And already she had stooped and put her arms about him, pride and resolution flung to the winds.

"You will take back all you said, Marian?" was put, with a touch of the sweet grace of old.

"No, Ray." Again she rose erect.

"Marian!"

"Not till I have made a name for myself; won something from fame which fortune has denied me."

He caught at the half promise.

"What proud words! But I may hope then?"

She stooped again, left the sweet fragrance of her breath on his lips, and was gone.

III.

"A whole year's faithful work folded in this short compass."

She turned the book from side to side, from top to bottom; opened the title-page, where, in small, clear type her own initials stood on guard, glinting at her, but never deigning to acknowledge her salutation. Then another and another page went over, and thoughts which had haunted her brain rang their musical, undying strains out from the white gleaming paper.

"A year's hard work, two years since I have seen Ray. I am tired, weary of striving; I want rest and peace, and my heart aches with its loneliness."

This the proud woman whose name had been heralded as possessing the Promethean fire, whom suitors stood off from for fear of her haughty disdain; who, buckling on the armor of one who battles, had let all lesser things go, had studied, and striven, and accomplished, where the many fail and the few are successful.

She went on with her reverie. "The first taste was sweet, but fame for women is apt to prove like the apples of Sodom. Let me see what the people say;" and drawing the newspaper her publisher had sent her, in which was a long and just critique of her work, she read. Its justice pleased her, the praise was discriminate, its fault-finding aroused no enmity, it was calm and lucid, she could profit by it. Then she turned over the paper idly, came to the advertisements, smiled at the puffs of her book in huge capitals, came to the marriage announcements, and read: "In Florence, at the United States Consulate, Ray Wilton—" She read no more, a blurring sense of indistinctness banished sight, her brain whirled, and she fell over in her chair quite senseless. When she recovered she crushed the newspaper in a drawer, rang her bell, and threw herself on her bed. Her maid came in alarm, went at once for a physician, who forbade her rising in a week or more or incur the penalty—brain fever. She was in the city alone, and refusing all guests; yet every day, though as yet spring gave no sign of approach, came a bunch of blue violets wrapped lovingly round with geranium leaves. In all her wretchedness and pain those little flowers seemed to whisper tender pity—the soft, faint, delicate perfume breathed of a balm which God lets Nature bestow.

Yet health came not; the blow had fallen so heavily. One day the kind doctor begged her to reveal her sorrow, for he saw the mind was suffering more than the body. Her woman's nature shrank from an avowal. Then he asked her to let him bring to visit her the friend whose faithfulness the flowers evinced. The consent was given languidly, when to her absolute horror appeared Ray Wilton.

She was sitting in a huge chair near the window as he entered. So thin and haggard was she that he almost recoiled aghast. But Marian rose and greeted him as she would have done a stranger. Their cold salutations over, the physician withdrew, when Ray, who had at first been repulsed by her coldness, rushed to Marian and clasped her in his arms. In vain she spoke; she was too feeble to resist; but he did not listen.

"My poor, darling Marian, how could you be so heartless as to keep me away so long, and you so ill, so wretched—you who sacrificed every thing for me in my illness, who would have given your life to have saved mine—"

"Ray, I can not bear this. Tell me at once, are you married?"

"My Marian! *I*—a Wilton—sworn to you all my life—a traitor to my vows!"

"But look—" She tottered to the desk in which she had crushed the newspaper so fatal to her peace, and gave it to him.

In place of proud indignation came a look of gentlest pity; his eyes filled in spite of himself.

"My dearest Marian, this is my father's wedding. Mamma died the month after he went away, and, as you see, this reads 'Ray Wilton, Senior, to Maude Vernon Harcourt'—an old, faded English belle, who but takes my father on sufferance. She will not even come to this country, so Wilton is to be your abiding-place should you choose it."

Then Marian remembered how she had fainted before reading the whole, and how, in her utter heart-weariness, it had only seemed a just retribution for her pride and ambition.

So Wilton Manor won a young mistress, who brought to it new laurels, fresh and green; but to her husband Marian was always and only the sweet, simple-hearted, loving woman she had been in old Mr. Woodward's rectory—not her father's home; for in the paper found in Mr. Woodward's library she had discovered herself to be destitute legally of that parental relation. No one, however, save Ray Wilton, knows that to this day; and were the two not equivalent, his wife's honor would be dearer to him than his own.

Miss Hetty did make the wedding-dress, after all, and it fitted very nearly as stylishly as the Parisian robes which were imported for the occasion; but Marian would have worn it had it been far less successful; and Miss Hetty yet insists that all the girls in Wilton are envious of Marian.

PERSIAN STORIES.

The Persians have been renowned as story-tellers throughout the East for many ages. It is a great art that which can bring even fiction to the aid of truth, and robing her in a transparent dress, render us enamored of her even when coldest and sternest. Let us see how the modern Persians, who have succeeded to this grand inheritance, know how to enjoy it. Most Persian stories have a merit—if it be a merit, as our railway times suppose—of being short. For my part, I should like to lie down in an arbor and listen to wise and pleasant tales from sunrise to sundown, now and again.

TWO HINTS FOR HUSBANDS.

1. A married man presented himself, trembling and sorrowful, at the gates of paradise. He had heard so often of his faults and shortcomings while upon earth, that he believed in them devotedly, and had no hope of being admitted to the habitations of the blessed. One wife, he had been repeatedly informed, was a blessing far beyond his merits while in the flesh; how, then, could he hope for the smiles of seventy houries. But the prophet, when he presented himself at the gates of heaven, to his great surprise greeted him with a smile of ineffable compassion. "Pass on, poor martyr," said Mohammed. "You have been indeed a great sinner, but you have suffered enough upon the earth, so be of good cheer, for you will not meet your wife here."

A man who had hitherto crept up to heaven, now stood up confidently and presented himself to the prophet, upon the ground that he had been twice married. "Nay," said the prophet, angrily, "paradise is no place for fools."

2. A ruffling young fellow married the wealthy widow of a great Khan. On the wedding-night she determined to assert her authority over him. So she treated him with great contempt when he came into the anderoon, and sat luxuriously embedded in rose-leaf cushions, caressing a large white cat, of which she pretended to be dotingly fond. She appeared to be annoyed by her husband's entrance, and looked at him out of the corners of her eyes with a glance of cold disdain.

"I dislike cats," remarked the young soldier, blandly, as if he was making a mere casual observation; "they offend my sight."

If his wife had looked at him with a glance of cold disdain before, her eyes now wore an expression of anger and contempt such as no words can express. She did not even deign to answer him, but she took the cat to her bosom and fondled it passionately. Her whole heart seemed to be in the cat, and cold was the shoulder which she turned to her husband. Bitter was the sneer upon her beautiful lips.

"When any one offends me," continued her gallant, gayly, "I cut off his head. It is a peculiarity of mine which I am sure will only make me dearer to you." Then, drawing his sword, he took the cat gently but firmly from her arms, cut off his head, wiped the blade, sheathed it, and sat down, continuing to talk affectionately to his wife as if nothing had happened. After which, says tradition, she became the best and most submissive wife in the world.

A hen-pecked fellow, meeting him next day as he rode with a gallant train through the market-place, began to condole with him. "Ah!" said the hen-pecked, with deep feeling, "you, too, have taken a wife and got a tyrant. You had better have remained the poor soldier that you were. I pity you from my very heart."

"Not so," replied the ruffler, jollily; "keep your sighs to cool yourself next summer." He then related the events of his wedding-night, with their satisfactory results.

The hen-pecked man listened attentively, and pondered long. "I also have a sword," said he, "though it is rusty, and my wife is likewise fond of cats. I will cut off the head of my wife's favorite cat at once." He did so, and received a sound beating. His wife, moreover, made him go down upon his knees and tell her what ghin, or evil spirit, had prompted him to commit the bloody deed.

"Fool!" said the lady, with a vixenish smile, when she had possessed herself of the hen-pecked's secret, "you should have done it the first night."

Moral.—Advice is useless to fools.

THE SHIRT OF HAPPINESS.

It is said that once upon a time, in the grand old fable days, a Persian king who fell sick consulted a magician of great reputation who lived in his dominions. The magician, a worthy gentleman who flourished in much personal comfort upon popular opinion, received the king with great respect and the most flowery language his imagination could invent. Having listened to his majesty's ailments with profound attention, the magician at length informed the king, that if he could succeed in obtaining the shirt of a happy man he had only to put on the precious garment to be cured immediately of his malady, and so long as he wore it he would never know sorrow nor disease.

The realms of the monarch were wide. His armies were mighty upon the land, and his fleets were supreme upon the seas. His banners had never known defeat. His treasury was full to overflowing, and his subjects were loyal and obedient. But whenever he ate a bowl of cream, or a dozen skewers of kabobs, or a few water-melons, he had suffered so much of late years from indigestion that he could not consider himself happy; so it was obvious that his majesty himself had no shirt in his wardrobe which would answer the purpose.

"But," thought the king, very naturally, "there is my prime minister, a fellow who can put any quantity of cream, sweet or sour, under the robe of honor which I gave him last Nooroos, and as for kabobs, why, yesterday, I thought he would never have done munching them. He is married to my daughter. His horses are far better than mine. He has no end of money" (his majesty thought of this with a peculiar look, which might mean many things), "and he has just built himself a palace fairer than the British Embassy. Whose dog is he that he should not be happy?" So the king sent for the prime minister and asked him at once for his shirt. The statesman, glad to oblige his master on such easy terms, and slyly resolving to obtain any number of equivalents whenever occasion should offer to indemnify himself, immediately sent the king the very best shirt in his wardrobe. It was made of the finest and lightest silk, thin as a spider's web, and beautifully embroidered; but wonderful as it appeared to his majesty, he suffered from indigestion more than ever after putting it on; and, far worse, he felt a tightness about the neck as of a person apprehensive of being bow-strung, or actually undergoing that process—a sensation which he never remembered to have felt since he had been at war for the crown with his three hundred and ten brothers after his father's death; and as all those brothers had been long ago disposed of in various ways which his majesty did not care to remember, he could not account for the return of the old sensation in his throat, and hastened to take off the prime minister's shirt as soon as possible.

Feeling, however, that he had been imposed upon, and that the prime minister must have sent him somebody else's shirt instead of his own, the king ordered his ferroshes to seize that politician, and bring him bound into his presence.

"To hear is to obey," said the ferroshes.

When the prime minister appeared the king received him with a terrible countenance: "Dog!" said his majesty, in an awful voice, "why have you deceived me, and sent the shirt of some other man accursed of Allah instead of your own?"

The prime minister tremblingly endeavored to exculpate himself.

"Son of an owl and a spider," pursued the king, "Meerza Snooza, the magician, assured me that if I could obtain the shirt of a happy man I should be delivered from my ailments. You must be happy. Why did you withhold from me your shirt?"

"Alas! sire," replied the statesman, "how can I be happy, with the fear of your sublime displeasure ever before me? The most I can now hope is to keep my head where Nature has placed it from day to day. The humblest of your majesty's subjects is happier than I. The scorching sun blazes upon the hill-top, and there the tempest roars; but the zephyr and the shadow love the valley. Not among such as I can your majesty hope to find bliss. I have upon my estate a farmer, however, who is the happest of mankind. If your majesty will but suffer me to go in search of him the talisman will be found."

So the king, resolving to allow the prime minister to get still richer before he was bow-strung, commanded him to bring the farmer.

The farmer came. He was a sour, sturdy fellow from the neighborhood of Khoi, the garden of Persia. He immediately took off his shirt at the royal command. It was a coarse, rough garment, and appeared to be thickly inhabited. The king, though he put it on, was obliged to take it off again in less than half an hour, in a state of intolerable irritation; for, reasoned his majesty, it is impossible any one can be happy who wears such a shirt as that.

The farmer, who was recalled to the royal presence, confirmed the opinion, and told a long dreary story about droughts, and locusts, and taxes; so that the king would have ordered his head to be cut off at once to get rid of him; but the farmer, seeing himself in such imminent peril, assured the king that the merchant to whom he sold his corn was a happy man without doubt, and begged to be allowed to fetch him, and so got out of danger in the same manner as the prime minister had.

The merchant came. The king, now warned by experience, determined to interrogate him before putting on his shirt. The merchant complained, as much as the farmer had, of taxes, and had, besides, another class of grievances peculiarly his own. He was particularly eloquent about custom-houses, the extortions of officials, and a variety of other things, which made the king so angry that he determined at least to comfort his disappointment by ordering the merchant to be executed. This ceremony over, the king felt something better; but still the talismanic shirt was not found.

For a long time the king sought the shirt of happiness through every class of society, and sought it in vain. Although innumerable persons were beheaded, bow-strung, and tortured every day, yet, surprising to relate, happiness could not be found among his subjects.

One day, however, when his majesty, being encamped in his summer quarters near Sultanieh, was out for an afternoon's ride, he saw a careless, red-nosed fellow sitting on a post, and every now and then taking a bottle from under his sash, applying his lips with intense satisfaction to its contents. Still, there was a sturdy air about the man, and a merry light in his eye, which did not point him out as a habitual wine-bibber. He seemed rather to be keeping festival, or enjoying himself upon some occasion of good fortune.

"Dog of a toper," asked the king, abruptly, struck with a sudden thought, "are you happy?"

"Thy servant is happy, O king!" said the man.

The king then ordered the royal ferroshes to seize him and give him five hundred lashes to cause him to relate the reasons of his happiness. The red-nosed man limped a little when subsequently brought to the king's tent in the evening, but still persisted in saying that he was happy; for, said he, "My wife has only been dead three weeks." Meerza Snooza, the magician, who, since he had been consulted, always accompanied the king in his search, and dined at the royal table, on being appealed to, decided that the red-nosed man had good reasons for his happiness, for that he might have been hen-pecked, and was, perhaps, just then under the first impression of joy at his deliverance.

Upon this the king immediately ordered the red-nosed man to be stripped, in order to obtain the garment which he required, when, wonderful to relate, it appeared that the only happy man in his dominions had no shirt.

THE GOLD PANIC.

We illustrate on page 188 the Gold Panic which occurred last week, when gold fell in Wall Street in two days from 173 to 149, ruining half the Jew speculators who had been buying specie, and improving the national currency some fifteen per cent. The scene on Thursday, at noon, in William Street, outside the new public Board, beggars description. The street was thronged from the houses on one side to the houses on the other. Half a dozen policemen endeavored vainly to keep order, and made arrests right and left without much judgment, discretion, or effect. Every body was raging to sell his gold. Hundreds of speculators who had bought gold within a week appeared with blanched faces and trembling gait, vainly offering their gold to every one they met. Among the crowd the Jew element rather preponderated. There were frightened, panting Jews, who were evidently holders of gold, and there were exultant joyful Jews, who had foreseen the crash and "sold gold short." There were New Testament Jews, too, by the score, with a bilious Southern aspect, who had bought gold in the belief and hope that the Northern finances would collapse, and who now saw that they and their funds were likely to anticipate the Government in that catastrophe. Fortunes were made and lost in a day in that seething caldron of speculation.

The *Herald* reporter said:

> So great was the rush that it was almost impossible for any one to elbow his way through the excited mass, who fumed, and fretted, and pulled their hair, and cursed with a confusion of tongues that would have shamed the gathering of Babel. Millionaires—old adepts at the game of speculation—traders, shop-keepers, lottery-ticket men, Peter Funks, clerks, cooks, waiters, old-clo' men, and the thousand others that the deranged state of the finances of the country inoculated with the gold purchasing epidemic, all rushed into William Street, and completely blocked up that thoroughfare for some distance on either side of Wall Street. There never was seen such a deplorable crew of disappointed money-grabbers on the rampage since the days of Titus. Many ludicrous scenes were enacted around the brokers' offices. Jostling, and crowding, and trampling—some endeavoring to get in, some to get out, all impatient and all resolutely bent on falsifying the old aphorism, which says, "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind." Though kindred spirits, there was nothing of a kindred feeling among them, save in the great desire to get rid of their gold, which they had been previously so anxious to hold over for higher prices. Most of the heavy speculators were Jews, and they cut miserable figures as they rushed to and fro, foaming at the mouth, cursing with impotent rage Old Abe and Secretary Chase, who had brought this ruin on the house of their fathers. One incident is worth relating. A Jew, named Meyers, having some gold transaction with a Christian, the latter, on closing the business, asked Meyers his name. "Meyers," replied the other. "What's your Christian name?" "I've got no Christian name, I'm a Chew." Another ancient-looking Hebrew was so astonished at the state of affairs in Wall Street—the impetuous rush of people flying as if pursued by an army with banners, the amount of gold they carried, and the alarm exhibited in their countenances, as if fearing to be left behind in the race—that, after some time contemplating the scene with lowered brow, he raised his head and exclaimed, "Mein Gott! dere ish been noting like dish since de crossing of de Red Sea."

THE CANAL AT LAKE PROVIDENCE.

We republish on page 180 a set of sketches, by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, illustrating The Canal at Lake Providence, which is now being cut by our troops. By the aid of this canal it is expected that we shall be able to send boats into the Gulf, by the Black, Red, and Atchafalaya rivers, without entering the Mississippi below Lake Providence. Mr. Davis writes:

"The sketch at the top of the page is of the town of Providence from the lake, showing the canal, now rapidly nearing completion.

"The map shows series of bayous, rivers, etc., by which we shall be enabled to reach the mouth of the Red River, and on by the Atchafalaya River to the Gulf of Mexico. Entering Lake Providence from the Mississippi River, through Maçon and Tensas bayous into the Black River; Ouchita and Tensas into the Red River, our boats can avoid the strong-holds of the Mississippi. The lower sketch shows the cutting of the levee on the Mississippi River at Providence.

"To the right of the map is sketched an exploit of one of negro soldiers, who went out in company with a small force of soldiers a few days since, shot one rebel soldier, captured two more, and taking their guns from them, brought the captured twain through the swamp to the party. The name of this bold African is *Jim*—'Union Jim' the soldiers call him—and there are many more like him, brave and ready, who are to be armed and schooled as soldiers. Upon the other side of the map a sketch of the constantly recurring event, the coming in of what the soldiers call recruits of color; a stalwart negro with his little one riding 'pig-a-back,' and the family trudging along after."

THE LOSS OF THE "QUEEN OF THE WEST."

We reproduce on page 181 a drawing by Mr. M'Cullagh of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, representing The Capture of the "Queen of the West." Mr. M'Cullagh was on board at the time of her capture, and escaped on top of a cotton bale—more fortunate than his colleague, Anderson of the *Herald*, who was caught. Mr. M'C. writes:

"The *Queen of the West* was the most formidable vessel in the Western ram fleet. She was captured by the rebels at Gordon's Landing on Red River, eighty miles from the mouth, on the night of the 14th of February. Her commander, Colonel Ellet, had been informed that the fort was very weakly garrisoned, that but two guns were mounted, and that the conscripts who manned them would not make any resistance. Once above the fort, he was sure of capturing a number of steamboats employed in the rebel service. The *Queen* arrived within five hundred yards of the battery shortly after sundown on the 14th. The rebels opened fire immediately with three guns. The fourth shot struck her deck, plunged through, and cut her escape pipe. Orders were then given to back her out of range; but while doing so she ran aground directly in front of the battery. The rebels kept up an accurate fire, and in a few moments a second shot plunged through her deck, cutting her steam, and thereby disabling her. One man only was severely scalded. Out of fifty-one—officers and crew—twenty-six escaped by floating down the river, on cotton bales and in skiffs, to where a small ferry-boat, which had accompanied the *Queen*, lay. Twenty-five were taken prisoners. A number of negroes were captured, and several drowned.

THE PIRATE FLORIDA.

We illustrate on page 189 The Destruction of the magnificent Clipper Ship "Jacob Bell" by the British Pirate "Florida." The *Florida* is a British vessel built by Laird, of Liverpool, and launched last spring under the name of the *Oreto*. Laird, and the other parties concerned in her construction, swore that she was intended for the King of Sardinia. It was well known, however, that she was all along intended to be a pirate, and to sail under the Confederate flag. She underwent the farce of a detention at Nassau on her first arrival there, but was of course soon released by the rebel sympathizers who govern that island, and made her way safely to Mobile. She is now afloat, burning our vessels. Our picture is from a photograph taken while she was in Liverpool.

The *Jacob Bell*, which she destroyed at sea, was one of the finest vessels that sail out of this port. She was a model of beauty and symmetry, and one of the most popular vessels among tea shippers. She belonged to Messrs. A. A. Low & Co., who kindly placed at our disposition the model of her from which our picture is taken. When she was destroyed she had on board 9000 chests of tea belonging to Englishmen and insured in England.

FORT DONELSON.

O Dover! O Dover!
What a place for a rover,
Not a bit of clover
For a poor old soldier!

O sad Donelson Fort!
Dear Lord, what a dreary port!
The very archfiend's court
For a poor old soldier!

O the field of glory!
What a blazing story
Shall shine, when time is hoary,
For the poor old soldier!

O the silvery waves!
O the lonely graves!
That pillow war-worn braves—
That wrap the fallen soldier!

O Lincoln gun-boats grim!
Peal out your stormy hymn
Till it rings to Heaven's rim
For the poor old soldier!

O sighing, shot-torn tree!
Wail for the fallen free:
O wail while tears shall be,
For the poor old soldier!

O rusted, battered ball!
That felt the hero fall,
You shrieked out life's last call
For the poor old soldier!

O shivered, splintered bone!
Where have your fellows gone?
Is this the trophy won
By the poor old soldier?

O bloody, blackened rock!
Here broke the battle's shock,
Here star-eyed victory woke
For the poor old soldier!

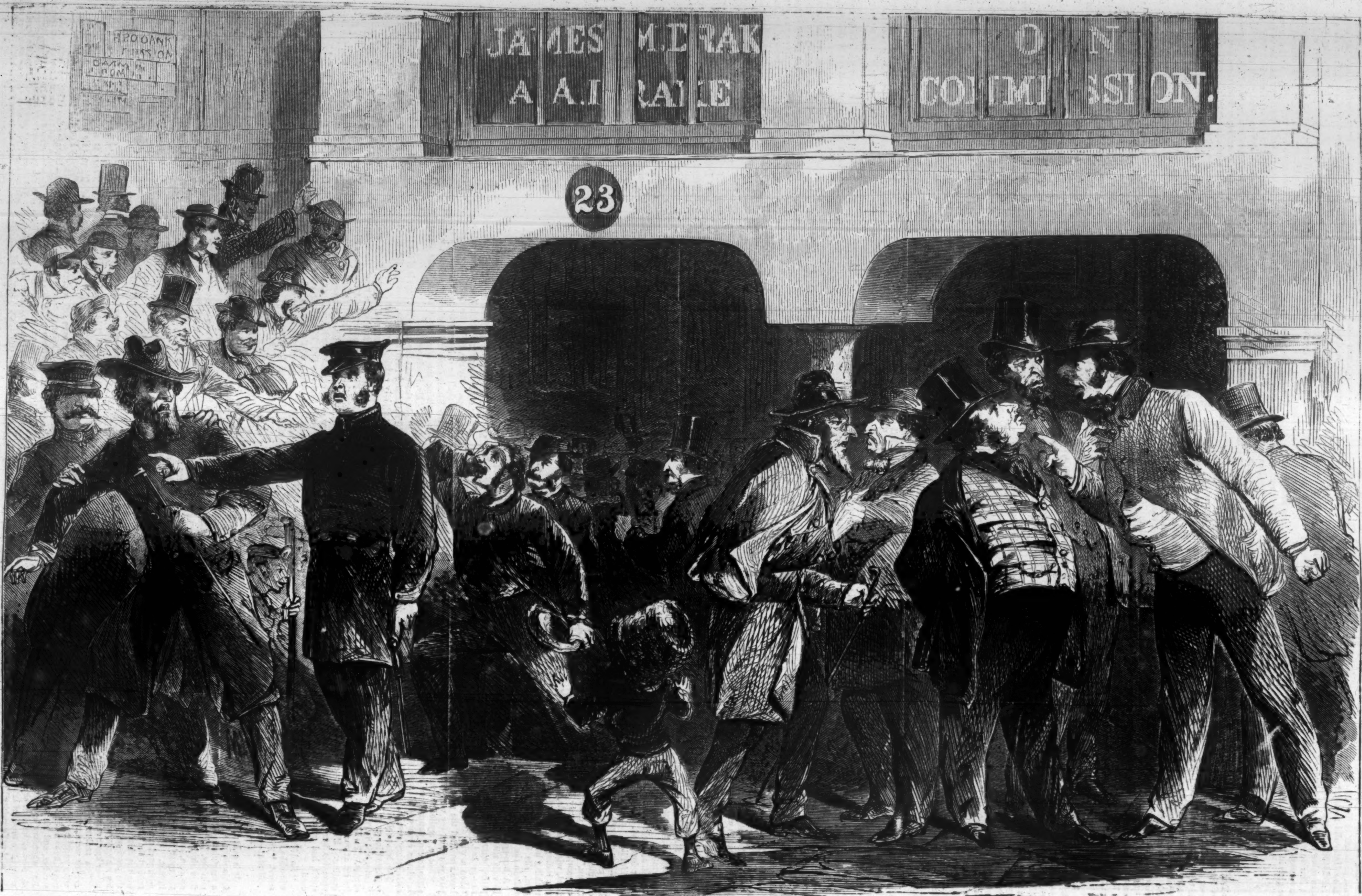
O wall, and trench, and mound!
Each part is hallowed ground,
Till the last trump shall sound
For the poor buried soldier!

O the silent river!
Will sing her song forever,
Sighing and ceasing never,
For the war-broken soldier!

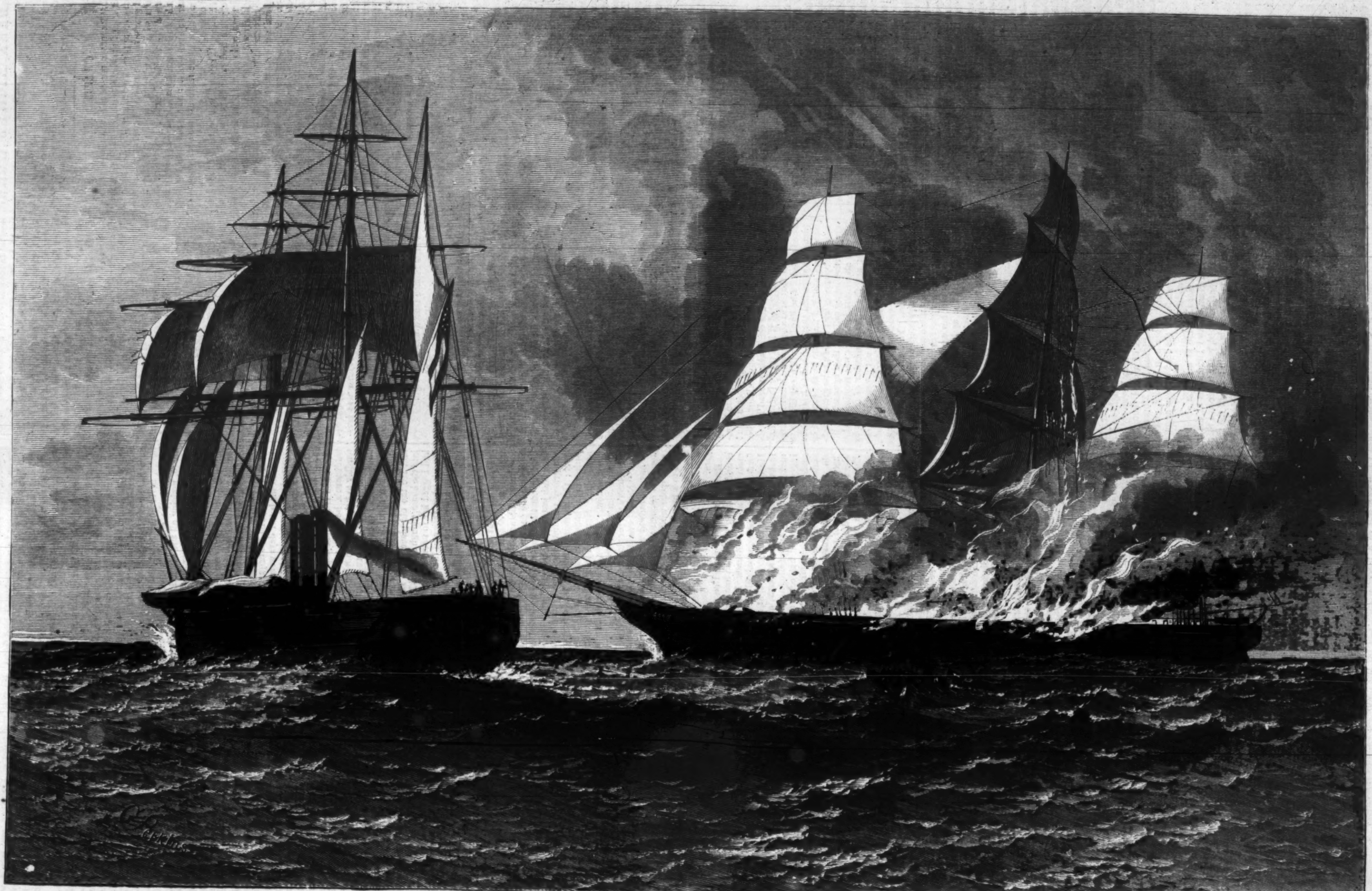
O spirits of the brave!
There is no prouder grave
Than this rampart by the wave
For the poor old soldier!

Note.—Dover is a mean little town on the bank of the Cumberland, within the intrenchments at Fort Donelson. It is the scene of two desperate battles, and bears the marks of shot and shell on every house and tree.

The above lines were written by one of the boys in General Granger's army, when lying on steamboat at the fort, on the first anniversary of the battle of 1862, illustrated by the prowess and immortalized by the patriotism of Illinois soldiers.


JAMES M.DRAK
A A.I RAKE
ON
COMMISSION.
23

THE GOLD PANIC IN WALL STREET—ENTRANCE OF THE PUBLIC BOARD.—[See Page 187.]



DESTRUCTION OF THE CLIPPER SHIP "JACOB BELL" BY THE BRITISH PIRATE "FLORIDA."—[SEE PAGE 187.]

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XII.

THERE are some people who imperceptibly float away from their youth into middle-age, and from thence pass into declining life with the soft and gentle motion of happy years. There are others who are whirled, in spite of themselves, down dizzy rapids of agony, away from their youth at one great bound, into old age with another sudden shock, and thence into the vast calm ocean where there are no shore-marks to tell of time.

This last, it seemed, was to be Ellinor's lot. Her youth had gone in a single night, fifteen years ago, and now she appeared to have become an elderly woman; very still and hopeless in look and movement, but as sweet and gentle in speech and smile as ever she had been in her happiest days. All young people, when they came to know her, loved her dearly, though at first they might call her dull, and heavy to get on with; and as for children and old people, her ready, watchful sympathy in their joys as well as their sorrows was an unfailing passage to their hearts. After the first great shock of Mr. Corbet's marriage was over she seemed to pass into a greater peace than she had known for years; the last faint hope of happiness was gone; it would, perhaps, be more accurate to say, of the bright happiness she had planned for herself in her early youth. Unconsciously she was being weaned from self-seeking in any shape, and her daily life became, if possible, more innocent, and pure, and holy. One of the canons used to laugh at her for her constant attendance at all the services, and for her devotion to good works, and call her always the reverend sister. Miss Monro was a little annoyed at this faint clerical joke; Ellinor smiled quietly. Miss Monro disapproved of Ellinor's grave ways and sober, severe style of dress.

"You may be as good as you like, my dear, and yet go dressed in some pretty color, instead of those perpetual blacks and grays, and then there would be no need for me to be perpetually telling people you are only four-and-thirty (and they don't believe me, though I tell them so till I am black in the face); or if you would but wear a decent-shaped bonnet, instead of always wearing them of the poky shape in fashion when you were seventeen."

The old canon died, and some one was to be appointed in his stead. These clerical preferments and appointments were the all-important interest to the inhabitants of the Close, and the discussion of probabilities came up invariably if any two met together, in street or house, or even in the very cathedral itself. At length it was settled and announced by the higher powers. An energetic, hard-working clergyman from a distant part of the diocese, Livingstone by name, was to have the vacant canonry.

Miss Monro said that the name was somehow familiar to her; and by degrees she recollected the young curate who had come to inquire after Ellinor in that dreadful illness she had had at Hamley in the year 1829. Ellinor knew nothing of that visit; no more than Miss Monro did of what had passed between the two before that anxious night. Ellinor just thought it possible it might be the same Mr. Livingstone, and would rather it were not, because she did not feel as if she could bear the frequent though not intimate intercourse she must needs have, if such were the case, with one so closely associated with that great time of terror which she was striving to bury out of her sight by every effort in her power. Miss Monro, on the contrary, was busy weaving a romance for her pupil; she thought of the passionate interest displayed by the fair young clergyman fifteen years ago, and believed that occasionally men could be constant, and hoped that, if Mr. Livingstone were the new canon, he might prove the rara avis which exists but once in a century. He came, and it was the same. He looked a little stouter, a little older, but had still the gait and aspect of a young man. His smooth fair face was scarcely lined at all with any marks of care; the blue eyes looked so kindly and peaceful that Miss Monro could scarcely fancy that they were the same which she had seen fast filling with tears; the bland, calm look of the whole man needed the ennoblement of his evident devoutness to be raised into the type of holy innocence which some of the Romanists call the "sacerdotal face." His whole soul was in his work, and he looked as little likely to step forth in the character of either a hero of romance or a faithful lover as could be imagined. Still Miss Monro was not discouraged; she remembered the warm, passionate feeling she had once seen break through the calm exterior, and she believed that what had happened once might occur again.

Of course, while all eyes were directed on the new canon, he had to learn who the possessors of those eyes were one by one; and it was probably some time before the idea came into his mind that Miss Wilkins, the lady in black, with the sad pale face, so constant an attendant at service, so regular a visitor at the school, was the same Miss Wilkins as the bright vision of his youth. It was her sweet smile at a painstaking child that betrayed her—if, indeed, betrayal it might be called—where there was no wish or effort to conceal any thing. Canon Livingstone left the school-room almost directly, and, after being for an hour or so in his house, went out to call on Mrs. Randall, the person who knew more of her neighbor's affairs than any one in East Chester.

The next day he called on Miss Wilkins herself. She would have been very glad if he had kept on in his ignorance; it was so keenly painful to be in the company of one the sight of whom, even at a distance, had brought her such a keen remembrance of past misery; and when told of his call, as she was sitting at her sewing in the dining-room, she had to nerve herself for the interview before going up stairs into the drawing-room, where he was being entertained by Miss Monro with warm demonstrations of welcome. A little contraction of the brow, a little compression of the lips, an increased pallor on Ellinor's part, was all that Miss Monro could see in her, though she had put on her glasses with foresight and intention to observe. She turned to the canon; his color had certainly deepened as he went forward with outstretched hand to meet Ellinor. That was all that was to be seen; but on the slight foundation of that blush Miss Monro built many castles; and when they faded away, one after one, she recognized that they were only baseless visions. She used to put the disappointment of her hopes down to Ellinor's unvaried calmness of demeanor, which might be taken for coldness of disposition, and to her steady refusal to allow Miss Monro to invite Canon Livingstone to the small teas they were in the habit of occasionally giving. Yet he persevered in his calls; about once every fortnight he came, and would sit an hour or more, looking covertly at his watch, as if, as Miss Monro shrewdly observed to herself, he did not go away at last because he wished to do so, but because he ought. Sometimes Ellinor was present, sometimes she was away; in this latter case Miss Monro thought she could detect a certain wistful watching of the door every time a noise was heard outside the room. He always avoided any reference to former days at Hamley, and that Miss Monro feared was a bad sign.

CHAPTER XIII.

AFTER this long uniformity of years without any event closely touching on Ellinor's own individual life, with the one great exception of Mr. Corbet's marriage, something happened which much affected her. Mr. Ness died suddenly at his parsonage, and Ellinor learned it first from Mr. Brown, a clergyman whose living was near Hamley, who had been sent for by the parsonage servants as soon as they discovered that it was not sleep but death that made their master so late of rising.

Mr. Brown had been appointed executor by his late friend, and wrote to tell Ellinor that, after a few legacies were paid, she was to have a life-interest in the remainder of the small property that Mr. Ness had left, and that it would be necessary for her, as the residuary legatee, to come to Hamley Parsonage as soon as she could make it convenient, to decide upon certain courses of action with regard to furniture, books, etc.

Ellinor shrank from this journey, which her love and duty toward her dead friend rendered necessary. She had scarcely left East Chester since she first arrived there, sixteen or seventeen years ago, and she was timorous about the very mode of traveling; and then, to go back to Hamley, which she thought never to have seen again! She never spoke much about any feelings of her own, but Miss Monro could always read her silence, and interpreted it into pretty just and forcible words that afternoon when Canon Livingstone called. She liked to talk about Ellinor to him, and suspected that he liked to hear. She was almost annoyed this time by the comfort he would keep giving her; there was no greater danger in traveling by railroad than by coach; a little care about certain things was required—that was all; and the average number of deaths by accidents on railroads were not greater than the average number when people traveled by coach, if you took into consideration the far greater number of travelers. Yes! returning to the deserted scenes of one's youth was very painful....... Had Miss Wilkins made any provision for another lady to take her place as visitor at the school? He believed it was her week. Miss Monro was out of all patience at his entire calmness and reasonableness. Later in the day she became more at peace with him, when she received a kind little note from Mrs. Forbes, a great friend of hers, and the mother of the family she was now teaching, saying that Canon Livingstone had called and told her that Ellinor had to go on a very painful journey, and that Mrs. Forbes was quite sure Miss Monro's companionship upon it would be a great comfort to both, and that she could perfectly be set at liberty for a fortnight or so, for it would fall in admirably with the fact that "Jeannie was growing tall, and the doctor had advised sea-air this spring; so a month's holiday would suit them now even better than later on." Now, was this going straight to Mrs. Forbes, to whom she should herself scarcely have liked to name it, the act of a good thoughtful man, or of a lover? questioned Miss Monro; but she could not answer her own inquiry, and had to be very grateful for the deed without accounting for the motives.

A coach met the train at a station about ten miles from Hamley, and Dixon was at the inn where the coach stopped, ready to receive them.

The old man was almost in tears at the sight of them again in the familiar place. He had put on his Sunday clothes to do them honor; and to conceal his agitation he kept up a pretended bustle about their luggage. To the indignation of the inn-porters, who were of a later generation, he would wheel it himself to the parsonage, though he broke down from fatigue once or twice on the way, and had to stand and rest, his ladies waiting by his side, and making remarks on the alterations of houses and the places of trees, in order to give him ample time to recruit himself, for there was no one to wait for them and give them a welcome to the parsonage, which was to be their temporary home. The respectful servants, in deep mourning, had all prepared, and gave Ellinor a note from Mr. Brown, saying that he purposely refrained from disturbing them that day after their long journey, but would call on the morrow, and tell them of the arrangements he had thought of making, always subject to Miss Wilkins's approval.

These were simple enough; certain legal forms to be gone through, any selections from books or furniture to be made, and the rest to be sold by auction as speedily as might be, as the successor to the living might wish to have repairs and alterations effected in the old parsonage. For some days Ellinor employed herself in business in the house, never going out except to church. Miss Monro, on the contrary, strolled about every where, noticing all the alterations in place and people, which were never improvements in her opinion. Ellinor had plenty of callers (her tenants, Mr, and Mrs. Osbaldistone, among others), but, excepting in rare cases—most of them belonged to humble life—she declined to see every one, as she had business enough on her hands: sixteen years makes a great difference in any set of people. The old acquaintances of her father's in his better days were almost all dead or removed; there were one or two remaining, and these Ellinor received; one or two more, old and infirm, confined to their houses, she planned to call upon before leaving Hamley. Every evening, when Dixon had done his work at Mr. Osbaldistone's, he came up to the parsonage, ostensibly to help her in moving or packing books, but really because these two clung to each other—were bound to each other by a bond never to be spoken about. It was understood between them that once before Ellinor left she should go and see the old place, Ford Bank. Not to go into the house, though Mr. and Mrs. Osbaldistone had begged her to name her own time for revisiting it when they and their family would be absent, but to see all the gardens and grounds once more; a solemn, miserable visit, which, because of the very misery it involved, appeared to Ellinor to be an imperative duty.

Dixon and she talked together as she sat, making a catalogue one evening in the old low-browed library; the casement windows were open into the garden, and the May showers had brought out the scents of the new-leafed sweetbrier bush just below. Beyond the garden-hedge the grassy meadows sloped away down to the river; the parsonage was so much raised that sitting in the house you could see over the boundary hedge. Men with instruments were busy in the meadow. Ellinor, pausing in her work, asked Dixon what they were doing.

"Them's the people for the new railway," said he. "Naught would satisfy the Hamley folk but to have a railway all to themselves—coaches is not good enough nowadays."

He spoke with a tone of personal offense natural to a man who had passed all his life among horses, and considered railway engines as their despicable rivals, conquering only by a stratagem.

By-and-by Ellinor passed on to a subject the consideration of which she had repeatedly urged upon Dixon, and entreated him to come and form one of their household at East Chester. He was growing old, she thought, older even in looks and feelings than in years, and she would make him happy and comfortable in his declining years if he would but come and pass them under her care. The addition made to her income by Mr. Ness's bequest would enable her to do not only this, but to relieve Miss Monro of her occupation of teaching, which, at the years she had arrived at, was becoming burdensome. But when she proposed the removal to Dixon he shook his head.

"It's not that I don't thank you, and kindly too; but I am too old to go chopping and changing."

"But it would be no change to come back to me, Dixon," said Ellinor.

"Yes, it would. I were born i' Hamley, and it's in Hamley I reckon to die."

On her urging him a little more it came out that he had a strong feeling that if he did not watch the spot where the dead man lay buried, the whole would be discovered, and that this dread of his had often poisoned the pleasure of his visit to East Chester.

"I don't rightly know how it is; for I sometimes think if it wasn't for you, missy, I should be glad to have made it all clear before I go. And yet at times I dream, or it comes into my head as I lie awake with the rheumatics, that some one is there digging, or that I hear them cutting down the tree. And then I get up and look out of the loft window—you'll mind the window over the stables as looks into the garden, all covered over wi' the leaves of the jargonelle pear-tree? That were my room when first I came as stable-boy; and tho' Mr. Osbaldistone would fain give me a warmer one, I allays tell him I like the old place best. And by times I've getem up five or six times a night, to make sure that there was no one at work under the tree."

Ellinor shivered a little. He saw it, and restrained himself in the relief he was receiving from imparting his superstitious fancies.

"You see, missy, I could never rest at nights if I did not feel as if I kept the secret in my hand, and held it tight day and night, so that I could open my hand at any minute and see that it was there. No; my own little missy will let me come and see her now and again, and I know as I can allays ask her for what I want. And if it please God to lay me by, I shall tell her so, and she will see that I want for nothing. But somehow I could ne'er bear the leaving of Hamley. You shall come and follow me to my grave when my time comes."

"Don't talk so, please, Dixon," said she.

"Nay, it'll be a mercy when I can lay me down and sleep in peace, though I sometimes fear as peace will not come to me even there." He was going out of the room, and was now more talking to himself than to her. "They say blood will out; and if it weren't for her part in it I could wish for a clear breast before I die."

She did not hear the latter part of this mumbled sentence. She was looking at a letter just brought in and requiring an immediate answer. It was from Mr. Brown. Notes from him were of daily occurrence, but this contained an open letter, the writing of which was strangely familiar to her; it did not need the signature, "Ralph Corbet," to tell her whom the letter was from. For some moments she could not read the words. They expressed a simple enough request, and was addressed to the auctioneer who was to dispose of the rather valuable library of the late Mr. Ness, and whose name had been advertised in connection with the sale, in the *Athenæum*, and other similar papers. To him Mr Corbet wrote, saying that he should be unable to be present when the books were sold, but wishing to be allowed to buy in at any price decided upon a certain rare folio edition of Virgil, bound in parchment, and with notes in Italian. The book was fully described. Though no Latin scholar, Ellinor knew the book well—remembered its look from old times, and could instantly have laid her hand upon it. The auctioneer had sent the request on to his employer, Mr. Brown. That gentleman applied to Ellinor for her consent. She saw that the facts of the intended sale must be all that Mr. Corbet was aware of, and that he could not know to whom the books belonged. She chose out the book, and wrapped and tied it up with trembling hands. *He* might be the person to untie the knot. It was strangely familiar to her love, after so many years, to be brought into thus much contact with him. She wrote a short note to Mr. Brown, in which she requested him to say, as though from himself, and without any mention of her name, that he, as executor, requested Mr. Corbet's acceptance of the Virgil as a remembrance of his former friend and tutor. Then she rang the bell, and gave the letter and parcel to the servant.

Again alone, and Mr. Corbet's open letter on the table. She took it up and looked at it till the letters dazzled crimson on the white paper. Her life rolled backward, and she was a girl again. At last she roused herself; but, instead of destroying the note—it was long years since all her love-letters from him had been returned to the writer—she unlocked her little writing-case again, and placed this letter carefully down at the bottom, among the dead rose-leaves which embalmed the note from her father, found after his death under his pillow, the little golden curl, the half-finished sewing of her mother.

The shabby writing-case itself was given her by her father long ago, and had since been taken with her every where. To be sure, her changes of places had been but few; but, if she had gone to Nova Zembla, the sight of that little leather box, on awaking from her first sleep, would have given her a sense of home. She locked the case up again, and felt all the richer for that morning.

A day or two afterward she left Hamley. Before she went she compelled herself to go round the gardens and grounds of Ford Bank. She had made Mrs. Osbaldistone understand that it would be painful to her to re-enter the house; but Mr. Osbaldistone accompanied her in her walk.

"You see how literally we have obeyed the clause in the lease which ties us out from any alterations," said he, smiling. "We are living in a tangled thicket of wood. I must confess that I should have liked to cut down a good deal; but we do not do even the requisite thinnings without making the proper application for leave to Mr. Johnson. In fact, your old friend Dixon is jealous of every pea-stick the gardener cuts. I never met with so faithful a fellow. A good enough servant, too, in his way, but somewhat too old-fashioned for my wife and daughters, who complain of his being surly now and then."

"You are not thinking of parting with him?" said Ellinor, jealous for Dixon.

"Oh no; he and I are capital friends. And I believe Mrs. Osbaldistone herself would never consent to his leaving us. But some ladies, you know, like a little more subserviency in manner than our friend Dixon can boast."

Ellinor made no reply. They were entering the painted flower-garden, hiding the ghastly memory. She could not speak. She felt as if, with all her striving, she could not move—just as one does in a nightmare—but she was past the place even as this terror came to its acme; and when she came to herself Mr. Osbaldistone was still blandly talking, and saying—

"It is now a reward for our obedience to your wishes, Miss Wilkins; for if the projected railway passes through the Ash-field yonder, we should have been perpetually troubled with the sight of the trains; indeed the sound would have been much more distinct than it will be now, coming through the interlacing branches. Then you will not go in, Miss Wilkins? Mrs. Osbaldistone desired me to say how happy—Ah! I can understand such feelings—Certainly, certainly; it is so much the shortest way to the town, that we elder ones always go through the stable-yard; for young people it is perhaps not quite so desirable. Ha! Dixon," he continued, "on the watch for the Miss Ellinor we so often hear of! This old man," he continued to Ellinor, "is never satisfied with the seat of our young ladies—always comparing their way of riding with that of a certain missy—"

"I can not help it, Sir; they've quite a different style of hand, and sit all lumpish-like. Now Miss Ellinor there—"

"Hush, Dixon," said she, suddenly aware of why the old servant was not popular with his mistress. "I suppose I may be allowed to ask for Dixon's company for an hour or so: we have something to do together before we leave?"

The consent given, the two walked away, as by previous appointment, to Hamley Churchyard, where he was to point out to her the exact spot where he wished to be buried. Trampling over the long rank grass, but avoiding the passing directly over any of the thickly-strewn graves, he made straight for one spot—a little space of unoccupied ground, close by, where Molly, the pretty scullery-maid, lay:

Sacred to the Memory of
MARY GREAVES.
Born 1797. Died 1818.
"We part to meet again."

"I put this stone up over her with my first savings," said he, looking at it; and then, pulling out his knife, he began to clean out the letters. "I said then as I would lie by her. And it'll be a comfort to think you'll see me laid here. I trust no one will be so crabbed as to take a fancy to this here spot of ground."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A NEW PAMPHLET by MR. STILLE.
This Day is Published:

Northern Interests
AND
Southern Independence.
A Plea for United Action.
By CHARLES J. STILLE. Price 15 cents.

Also just ready, the Tenth Thousand of the former Pamphlet by the same author, entitled
HOW A FREE PEOPLE CONDUCT A LONG WAR.
Price 15 cents.
⁂ Sent by mail on receipt of the price.
Wm. S. & Alfred Martien,
No. 606 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Gillies' Old Plantation Coffee, 25 Cents per Pound.

To all lovers of fine flavored Coffee, we offer a superior beverage to any heretofore sold in this market. It is superior to Coffees usually sold, such as Java, Maracaibo, Mocha, &c. Hotels, Private Families, Boarding Houses, Restaurants, &c., will find the Old Plantation Coffee, made by our new process, to contain a perfect uniformity of strength and flavor. Put up in one pound packages, 60 pounds in a case, with full directions for use. For sale generally by Grocers, price 25 cents per pound. Liberal discount to the trade.

WRIGHT GILLIES & BRO., 233, 235 and 237 Washington Street, N. Y., Importers and Manufacturers.

SOLDIERS.—The following popular and really meritorious novelty can be safely forwarded by mail. The postage is $1 65 per case. Upon receipt of the price and postage ($49 65), a package containing six will be registered and mailed to any address pre-paid, and a safe delivery guaranteed!

RAILWAY TIME KEEPERS

Especially Adapted for Army Sales!

We are obliged to pay gold for these Watches in Switzerland, and owing to the premium on specie, our price is now $48 per case of six; not sold in less quantities. *These are our lowest rates.* *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* of Feb. 21, 1863, says—"HUBBARD'S TIMEKEEPERS are becoming proverbial for their accuracy and reliability. They are particularly valuable for officers in the Army, and travelers." Retail at from $20 to $50 each, readily. Prices—Heavy silver-plated or electro gold-plated, per case of six, $48. *We have no Agents or circulars—buyers must deal with us direct, ordering from this advertisement.* TERMS CASH. If by mail, send treasury notes, or draft on New York payable to our order. *Soldiers and others in disloyal states must send payment in advance!*

Address HUBBARD BROS., SOLE IMPORTERS,
Cor. John and Nassau Sts., New York.

CARD MUSIC FOR BANDS.

DITSON'S SELECT MUSIC FOR BRASS BANDS, including Popular National Airs. Printed on Cards for the use of Bands of fourteen or a less number of Instruments. Price $1 00 per sett. Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of price. A list of pieces sent on application. OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers, Boston.

Worth its Weight in Gold.

A Pamphlet mailed, post-paid, for $2, containing exact copies of advertisements for persons entitled to property. Address or apply to HENRY HAYS, 640 Broadway, N. Y. Coats of arms found, painted, and engraved.

AS MANY former Pupils of the NAZARETH HALL BOARDING SCHOOL are in the U. States Army and Navy, filling various positions in the different departments thereof, and as we have already heard of the death of several—in hospital and on the battle-field—we hereby request all persons who are aware that any of our Graduates have thus fallen, to give or send all information they possess, of time, place, and manner of death, to the Agents of our Institution, the Messrs. A. Binninger & Co., Nos. 92 and 94 Liberty Street, New York, or the Messrs. Jordan & Brother, No. 209 N. Third Street, Philadelphia, or to the

Rev. EDWARD H. REICHEL,
Principal of Nazareth Hall,
Nazareth, Northampton County, Penna.

CATARRH!—Dr. Goodale's CATARRH REMEDY penetrates to the very seat of this terrible disease, and exterminates it, root and branch. Price $1 00. Send a stamp for a pamphlet. Depot 612 Broadway.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS

AND ARMS. Selpho's Patent. 516 Broadway, N. Y., Opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. Send for a Circular.

READY (OFFICIAL).

THE UNITED STATES CONSCRIPTION
ACT,
OR, NATIONAL MILITIA BILL.
With a copious Index for Reference.
JAMES W. FORTUNE, PUBLISHER,
102 Centre Street, New York.
PRICE FIVE CENTS.

$75 A MONTH! I want to hire Agents in every county at $75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address,
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

J. H. Winslow & Co.,
100,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, &c., &c.
Worth $500,000.

To be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for till you know what you are to get.

SPLENDID LIST!!

OF ARTICLES TO BE SOLD FOR ONE DOLLAR EACH.

100 Gold Hunting Cased Watches	$100 00 each.
100 Gold Watches	60 00 each.
200 Ladies' Gold Watches	35 00 each.
500 Ladies' and Gent's Silver Watches	15 00 each.
3000 Vest and Neck Chains	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 Gold Band Bracelets	5 00 to 10 00 each.
3000 " " "	3 00 to 5 00 each.
3000 Cameo Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Opal, and Em. Brooches	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Cameo Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Mosaic and Jet Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 00 to 6 00 each.
3000 Coral, Em., and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 8 00 each.
5100 Gent's Breast Pins	2 50 to 8 00 each.
3000 Watch Keys	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Fob and Ribbon Slides	2 00 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sets of Bosom Studs	2 50 to 6 00 each.
5000 Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Plain Rings	2 50 to 5 00 each.
6000 Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 6 00 each.
6000 Lockets	2 50 to 10 00 each.
5000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry	5 00 to 10 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, Silver M'ted Holders	4 00 to 5 00 each.
10000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils	4 00 to 6 00 each.

All Gold Pens 14 Carats and Warranted.

All of the above list of Goods will be sold for one dollar each. Certificates of all the various articles, stating what each one can have, are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you can have, and then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage, and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be inclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—Those acting as Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps. Great caution should be used by our correspondents in regard to giving their correct address, Town, County, and State. Address

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

Brandreth's Pills.

NEW STYLE.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS. NEW STYLE.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS. NEW STYLE.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS. NEW STYLE.
BRANDRETH'S PILLS PROPAGATE THEMSELVES.

A lady, travelling on the Continent of Europe, called upon Ramon Cuyras, of Barcelona, Spain, a dealer in Drugs and Medicines, and inquired for BRANDRETH'S PILLS. He did not keep the medicine for sale. The lady requested him to send to New York for a supply for her, and she left with him money for six dozen boxes. When the Pills arrived, the lady left with Mr. Cuyas four dozen, with a request he would sell them for her. He did so, and from that small beginning, and without any effort whatever from the Principal Office, the sale has become so extensive in Barcelona as to absorb nearly three hundred gross per annum, or 44,200 boxes of BRANDRETH'S PILLS. In fact, to use the effective language of Raymon Cuyas, "Brandreth's Pills propagate themselves." That is to say, those who use them become well satisfied with their high medicinal and health-restoring qualities, and as such recommend them to their friends.

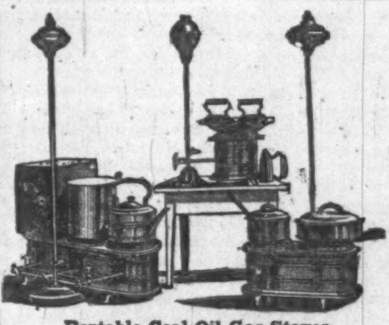
It is admitted they are the most innocent, most effectual and certain, and withal the most RELIABLE PURGATIVE KNOWN. The majority of medicines of this class are poor imitations of this, the Original Universal Medicine.

Public favor is eventually decided by merit; we therefore hope that this excellent life-saving medicine may be everywhere introduced, and its own merits will do the rest. It is adapted to all ages, all races, all climates, and being used by one sick invariably ameliorates the disease, and perseverance cures in a majority of cases.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL STREET,
NEW YORK.
Sold also at No. 4 Union Square.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.
ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

One dollar inclosed to Dr. BRANDRETH, will insure Four Boxes, sent by return of mail to any address in the United States, without further charge.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE,
294 *CANAL STREET,*
BRANDRETH BUILDING, New York.



Portable Coal Oil Gas Stoves.

Dopp's Patent, burns the Kerosene or Coal Oil at a cost of ONE CENT per hour to do the cooking for a family.

☞ **Cheapest Fuel in the World.** ☜

Send for a circular. Depot 512 Broadway, N. Y., opposite St. Nicholas Hotel. Town, County, and State rights for sale. Agents wanted to sell territory.
H. D. BLAKE, Agt.

Mrs. Murray's Dropsy Specific

Is the only certain Remedy for Dropsy ever discovered, never failing to cure it taken as directed.

Prepared only by Mrs. J. MURRAY, 571 Washington Street, N. Y.

Sold by Druggists generally.

AGENTS WANTED—To take orders for VICTOR'S HISTORY OF THE REBELLION. The ACKNOWLEDGED STANDARD.—Endorsed by the PRESIDENT, CABINET, MEMBERS of CONGRESS, Governors, Bancroft the Historian, and by the Press generally. 2 vols. now ready. Expensively illustrated with Steel Engravings. Sold by Subscription only, and exclusive territory given. Canvassers make $50 to $100 per week. Send for circular of terms, &c. Address
EDWARD F. HOVEY, 13 Spruce St., New York.

"MOUSTACHES AND WHISKERS IN 42 DAYS." Hunting, Fishing, and many other *Wonderful Secrets*, all in the *Book of Wonders*. 8000 sold. 9th Ed. Price only **20c.** 8 for $1. Mailed *free*. Address
C. E. HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, New Hampshire.

Volunteers, Attention!—For the derangements of the system incidental to the change of diet, Wounds, Eruptions, and exposures which every Volunteer is liable to, there are no remedies so safe, convenient, and reliable as HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT, 25 cents per box.

MUSICIANS' OMNIBUS. 700 pieces of Music, 40 sets of Quadrilles and 100 Contra and Fancy Dances, with calls and figures; 100 Opera Melodies; 100 Scotch and Irish Airs; Polkas, Schottisches, Mazourkas, Waltzes, Marches, Quicksteps, Songs, &c., for the Violin, Flute, Cornet, Fife, Clarionet, Flageolet, &c.

Sent by mail, on receipt of $1. Address
BOSTON DRUM FACTORY, 61 Court St., Boston.
ELIAS HOWE, Agent.

How to Get a Patent.

The Inventor's Guide sent for 3 cent stamp, by FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

SOMETHING NEW.
EVERY MAN WILL WANT ONE.
EVERY FAMILY SHOULD HAVE ONE.
EVERY PERSON MUST GET ONE.
AGENTS SEND FOR PARTICULARS.
J. W. FORTUNE, 102 Centre St., N. Y.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Newbern, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

WEDDING CARDS

These Celebrated Engraved Cards sold only at J. EVERDELL'S Old Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St., N. Y.
☞ Established 1840. ☞ For Specimen by Mail, send two stamps.

How to Read Character.

See PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, April No., 10 cents, or $1 a year. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

INDIA RUBBER GLOVES

Sent by mail, post-paid, on receipt of $1 00 for Ladies' Sizes, $1 12 for Gents. O. B. GRAY, 201 Broadway, N. Y. Every variety of Rubber Goods wholesale and retail.

Pensions, Bounty, Pay, Prize

Money, and all Army and Navy Claims, promptly collected. Reliable information furnished, sales of claims negotiated upon the best terms, and accounts cashed. A pamphlet of Laws and Instructions sent by enclosing a one-cent stamp to pay postage.
SOMES & BROWN, 2 Park Place, N. Y.

TRUSSES.—Marsh's Radical Cure Truss Office, corner of Broadway and Ann Street. No connection whatever with any other Truss Office of same name. A female attends Ladies.

$60 A MONTH! We want Agents at $60 a month, expenses paid, to sell our *Everlasting Pencils, Oriental Burners*, and 13 other new articles. 15 circulars *free*. Address, SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Me.

Rheumatism—Who has it?

Washington, D. C., Sept. 9th, 1862.

Messrs. METTAM & Co.—Gents: You will please send to my address one pair of your METALLIC INSOLES. I have used them for more than one year, and I can say truly, that they are a cure and a preventative of Rheumatism. I commend them to the public. Respectfully,
EDMUND J. PORTER, Major, U. S. A.

Price $1 00; per mail $1 25. Office 429 Broadway, New York. Send for circular.

GLEASON'S *Anti-Flickering Gas Burner* consumes gas with economy, giving a brilliant diffusive light, free from flickering.

(Extract from a letter of Prof. B. SILLIMAN, Jr.)

"I have been able to write by it several hours of an evening without fatigue to the eyes. When in full action, it gives the flame a steadiness equal to that of the best Argan burner, without the inconvenient heat and expense of that form of burner."

E. P. GLEASON, Manufacturer, 135 Mercer St., N. Y.

Cristadoro's Hair Dye.
THE BEST IN THE WORLD.
Cristadoro's Hair Preservative.

Unequaled as a dressing. Both for sale everywhere, and applied at No. 6 Astor House, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

The Automaton Regiment;

Or, INFANTRY SOLDIERS' PRACTICAL INSTRUCTOR, for all Regimental movements in the field. By G. DOUGLASS BREWERTON, U. S. Army. Neatly put up in boxes. Price $1; when sent by mail $1 40. SECOND EDITION, improved. Also, by the same author,

THE AUTOMATON COMPANY;

Or, INFANTRY SOLDIERS' PRACTICAL INSTRUCTOR, for all Company movements in the field. Price in boxes $1 25; sent by mail $1 95.

THE AUTOMATON BATTERY;

Or, ARTILLERISTS' PRACTICAL INSTRUCTOR for all Mounted Artillery manœuvres in the field. Price in boxes $1; by mail $1 40.

UNION FOUNDATIONS, a Study of American Nationality as a Fact of Science. By Capt. E. B. HUNT, Corps of Engineers, U. S. A. Price 30 cents; in cloth, 50 cents.

In press and will soon be published, a new and revised edition of

THE ARTILLERISTS' MANUAL.

By Gen. JOHN GIBBON, U.S.A. 1 vol. 8vo, half roan.
Published by D. VAN NOSTRAND,
No. 192 Broadway, N. Y.

Illustrated Phrenological Almanac

For 1863. Pre-paid, by first post, 10 cents. FOWLER & WELLS, N. Y.

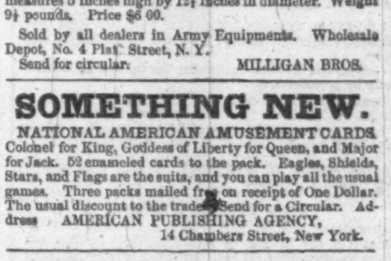
To all Wanting Farms.

Large and *thriving settlement* of *Vineland*. *Rich* soil. Good crops of *Wheat, Corn, Peaches*, &c., to be *seen*—only 30 miles from Philadelphia. Delightful *climate*—20 acre tracts of from $15 to $20 per acre, payable within 4 years. Good schools and society. Hundreds are settling. Apply to CHAS. K. LANDIS, P.M., Vineland, Cumberland Co., New Jersey. Report of Solon Robinson and Vineland Rural sent free. From Report of Solon Robinson, Ag. Ed. Tribune.

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position, and suitable condition for pleasant farming that we know of this side of the Western Prairies

---

Milligan's Patent Mess Kettle.



Arranged for four Officers, weight 15 pounds, price $12.

Milligan's Army Tent Stove.

The most portable stove in existence. When packed measures 5 inches high by 12½ inches in diameter. Weight 9½ pounds. Price $6 00.

Sold by all dealers in Army Equipments. Wholesale Depot, No. 4 Platt Street, N. Y.
Send for circular. MILLIGAN BROS.

SOMETHING NEW.

NATIONAL AMERICAN AMUSEMENT CARDS. Colonel for King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Jack. 52 enameled cards to the pack. Eagles, Shields, Stars, and Flags are the suits, and you can play all the usual games. Three packs mailed free on receipt of One Dollar. The usual discount to the trade. Send for a Circular. Address AMERICAN PUBLISHING AGENCY,
14 Chambers Street, New York.

10,000 Barrels of the Lodi
Manufacturing Company's
POUDRETTE.
FOR SALE BY

JAMES T. FOSTER, No. 66 Courtlandt St., New York.

This article, prepared from the night soil of the city of New York, is the CHEAPEST, BEST, and MOST POWERFUL FERTILIZER offered in market. It greatly increases the yield, and ripens the crops from two to three weeks earlier, at an expense of from $3 to $4 per acre.

Also, FIFTY TUNS OF BONE TA-FEU, being a mixture of bone and night soil, ground fine, at $45 per tun. A superior article for grain and grass.

A pamphlet containing direction, &c., may be had free.
Address JAMES T. FOSTER,
Care of Lodi Manufacturing Co., No. 66 Courtlandt St.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

The papers of permanent value which have been published in almost every Number render a complete set of HARPER'S MAGAZINE a desirable acquisition to any public or private library. The Publishers can supply complete sets, or any Number from the commencement. For Twenty-five Cents they will send any Number by mail, *post-paid*. Any volume, containing six Numbers, bound in Cloth, will be mailed, *post-paid*, to any place in the United States within 1500 miles of New York, for Two Dollars and Fifty Cents. Complete sets, now comprising Twenty-five Volumes, uniformly bound, will be sent by express, the freight at the charge of the purchaser, for One Dollar and Eighty-eight Cents per Volume.

TERMS.

One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00

An Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25 00.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $5 00.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

TERMS.

One Copy for One Year $3 00
One Copy for Two Years 5 00

And an Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS, at $2 50 each, or 11 Copies for $25.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is electrotyped, and *Back Numbers* can be had at any time.

Vols. I., II., III., IV., V., and VI., for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, 1861, and 1862, of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $4 37 each, are now ready.

☞ The Publishers employ no TRAVELING AGENTS. Parties who desire to subscribe to *Harper's Magazine* or *Harper's Weekly* had better remit direct to the Publishers, or pay their subscription to some Postmaster or General Agent with whom they are acquainted, and of whose responsibility they are assured.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.